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CHANSONETTE TO JUNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY FABE MATRIN.

A chansonette I sang to joyous May!
But I regard her as a child
Singing in her spirits wild,
While round her zephyrs play;
Dancing in the sheer excess
Of a thoughtless happiness;
But who could choose that giddy girl,
In her spirit endless whirl,
Before you, newly-budded woman,
With a heart entirely human?

Sing, sing to the budded woman, June!
Scatter rich jewels and melodious tune,
Then close in thick warbled ecstasy.
For while the wind the popiar bent,
Like a touch of emerald flame
'Neath the flowing lilac's colored light,
A brilliant birdlet came,
And he hardly alit ere away he flew
In a twinkle of yellow, red and blue;
And when I saw him I knew, I knew
That June, bringing love to maiden's breast,
Mosses to thatches of cottage and shed,
Iris to mirrors of morning dew,
Sunset colors to west, sunrise colors to east,
New green to old graves of churchyard dead,
Would bring an ode to the poet, too,
Or a chansonette at least!

Chansonette.

We meet in the daytime of gladness,
We meet in thy beautiful bowers,
Where the lover loses his sadness
'Mid roses and sunbeams and flowers;
Around us sweet blossoms are breathing
The songs of a far-distant clime,
Above us in garlands we're wreathing
The buds of a bright Summer-time.
This vision of fairy-land never
Can fade from my heart or my sight;
'Twill cast on my pathway forever
Bright sparkles of magical light;
I hear the harp's joyous measure,
I scent the perfume of the bloom;
Oh, years cannot banish one pleasure
I feel on this bright day in June.

"The Boudoir," Dowagiac, Mich.

HOME LIFE OF EDWIN FORREST

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HILDA.

The history of a great man in public life is full of interest, especially to his countrymen. He is better known as a public character than as a private individual. In many instances public and private lives are vastly different; and I know of no one to whom this will apply more justly than to Edwin Forrest. While there are many persons who can afford to purchase a copy of the life of the great actor, there are many more who are not so favored, and by whom a sketch, especially of his private life, would be read with interest. The knowledge of this fact, and my having been so often compelled to listen to remarks which were far from being truthful, and tended to lessen his worth as a man and the greatest actor this country (of which he always spoke with honest pride as being the land of his birth) has ever produced, induce me to write about his home life, of the nature of which no one save those who were admitted there as his personal friends can have the remotest idea.

It was in the latter part of his life, in the Summer of the year 1868, that I paid my first visit to his hospitable home, situated on the southwest corner of Broad and Master streets, Philadelphia. His leisure time for receiving his friends was on Sunday, from 11 till 4 P. M. The invitations were extended in person or by letter. Punctuality on the part of his guests was to him as important as though it had been a rehearsal. In paying a visit he was equally prompt. This characteristic was exemplified on the occasion of this my first visit, and made an impression upon me as profound as it was lasting. While the guests were seated in the reception-room, listening to his conversation, which was at all times charming and instructive, the door-bell rang, and two visitors were announced. He rose, greeted them cordially, and introduced them, and said in a tone that savored a little of irritation:

"I had just given you up."

Instantly following the remark, his face, so full of grandeur, was lighted up by one of the sweetest smiles I ever saw. It was a ray of sunshine emitted from his great soul. Soon afterwards he said:

"If you please, ladies and gentlemen, we will go and look at the pictures."

He did not say picture-gallery. In alluding to himself or his surroundings he was truly modest.

A more entertaining host could nowhere be found, as he would endeavor entirely to yield and adapt himself to those around him, that at the end of the visit we could not but express our sentiments in the warmest terms of admiration for the actor, friend and host. For all such golden hours as we enjoyed while there, "keep my memory green."

It was while we were in the picture-gallery that I noted every word, look and action of the man, and for the time being forgot that I was in the presence of him who was a nation's pride, and in the drama "every inch a king." To each individual he would accord the same amount of attention, and, in explaining the subject of a picture in detail, it was made doubly interesting by his comments. He would relate anecdotes connected with it, and of his travels, which recalled incidents in his life of a pleasant character, and was happy in the assurance that it was edifying to those he could appreciate the motive and enjoy the effect. I do not remember a single instance when, while he was dilating upon the merits of a picture, the artist was forgotten. I was looking at a portrait of Mrs. Forrest, and thinking how much her son resembled her. He was standing near me at the time, and, as if divining my thoughts, and the train that followed, he said:

"You know who that is?"

"Yes," I replied; "and how like you she is."

He looked very much pleased, and said:

"I am glad you think so." After a few moments, in which he was silently contemplating that face so dear to him, he said with tender emotion: "Ah! I fear I gave her many a heartache when I was a boy."

"All of which you relieved her of a millionfold, by your love and devotion in after years, and for which she blessed you as many times."

"God bless you," he said, "for your words of comfort. You are a mother."

He then related a few incidents that occurred in his youthful days, which he viewed as acts that tended to give anxiety to his fond mother, whose memory he worshiped as a religion until his heart had ceased to beat forever.

While looking at other pictures, of which I shall speak hereafter, my attention was called to one of Rachel, in the character of Phædra.

"Look at that," he said.

"That," I remarked, "must have been taken many years ago."

"Yes," he replied; "I got that portrait among a collection during my travels on the Continent; and, apart from its merits as a painting, it is a speaking likeness. I saw her make her debut. I said then: 'Little bag of bones will make a great stir in the world, if she lives.' Her personal appearance was unfavorable. She was, as you see, gaunt, sallow, and angular, and, although youthful, she had the appearance of age; but when the fire of genius lighted her dark eyes she was transformed. My prediction has been verified."

Passing around to the opposite side of the gallery, we joined the rest of the company, who were enjoying themselves in conversation, and commenting upon the various objects of interest with which they were surrounded. Mr. Forrest said:

"Well, my friends, if you are quite ready, we will proceed to my den, and see what means of entertainment we shall find there."

As we were leaving the gallery an incident occured which clearly illustrated one of his strongest characteristics, for which I admired him—frankness. One of the ladies remarked to her husband, after looking at her watch, that she thought they would not have time to pay a visit to the library (or "den"), and gave some trivial cause for an early departure. I shall never forget the expression of Mr. Forrest's face as he said:

"Madame, your time is your own, and I have no wish to control it."

The words were uttered in a quiet, elegant and dignified manner. The effect was amusing to all parties save those addressed; but good breeding forbade the indulgence of even a smile. He asked to be excused for a few moments, accompanied his visitors to the door, opened it, and pleasantly bade them good-bye. I never knew him to call or ring for a servant to let out a visitor. Formalities and conventionalities were eschewed in receiving or dismissing a visitor. He was a gentleman, "and to the manner born." On his return to the gallery, we were led from there up the broad staircase, and ushered into the library. It was a perfect museum of art and literature combined.

"Here," he said, "I am at home, and I hope you will feel at liberty to enjoy yourselves untrammeled by restraint."

He then opened the bookcases, which were gorged with knowledge, and invited all to partake of the mental banquet, and laughingly remarked "that he would not omit to offer one of a physical character shortly."

It was while we were in that sanctum, his "haven of rest," that I studied the elements that constituted the man, and entirely lost sight of the actor. Instead of the hard, cold and unfeeling nature which had been assigned to him by those who were unacquainted with him, or by writers who had met him casually and found him, as they said, brusque and fitful, and anything but a pleasant companion, I discovered, as one sees through the clouds as the storm is passing away, indications of the sun, which at first appears in a single ray, then bursts forth in all its glory, shedding its warming influence on all. My opinion that such was the true nature of Edwin Forrest I felt convinced time would confirm and strengthen.

That he was especially at home in his library can be readily understood from the fact that there he was surrounded by objects dear to him from the nature of their having been, for many years of his solitary life, the only companions that could cater to a mind so highly wrought and finely cultured, and from whose teachings he had learned how to "suffer and be strong."

The social character of Mr. Forrest cannot be too highly appreciated by those who knew him as he really was—a large-hearted, charitable man. If once you gained his confidence, nothing could shake it. It was the "Rock of Ages." A little digression is, I think, pardonable while speaking of one worthy of the highest esteem for his manly principles, which he did not fear to openly express, where it was a question of right or wrong, and it very often provoked censure when it should have gained approbation. It was in his home and its surroundings that I learned more of his sad and lonely life than years of his mimic life could have revealed.

I had been looking at a piece of furniture that I was sure must have a history of its own, and asked for an explanation. He granted my request in a manner that was quite enchanting, and made many witty remarks about blunders that had been made regarding the figures that were carved upon it, which were intensely amusing and quite original. Having assured himself that we had found ample means for entertaining ourselves without his valuable assistance, he left us, as he said, "to prepare something in the way of refreshment physically." He soon returned with a perfect banquet of fruit, both foreign and domestic, some from his own hothouse and garden. He drew a large table towards the open window at the end of the library, where we could see the flowers and fruit that grew in abundance, and enjoy the music of the feathered songsters ascending like a hymn of praise to their Creator.

While preparing the fruit, which he did in a graceful manner, without the aid of a servant, and handed to each of the guests, his conversation never flagged for a moment, nor did he suffer the slightest remark to pass unnoticed. He kindly considered the comfort of his guests to a remarkable extent. He was perfectly at home as a domestic man. Before descending to the garden to take a stroll, which we had been invited to do, he asked us to partake of a beverage of his own making, and which he called "iced punch." It consisted of the juice of various kinds of fruit and choice wine, and was so delicately compounded that it could be indulged in with perfect safety.

Not once during that entire visit, while listening to anecdotes—and they were many and varied—or witticisms and imitations of an odd or eccentric character, did I hear a single word or sentence that could by the most fastidious person have been construed or tortured into the semblance of vulgarity. His language was simple and elegant in expression, and free from affectation. While in his presence I became impressed with the belief that he was one

"With more capacity for love than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth;
His early dreams of good outstripped the truth,
And troubled manhood followed baffled youth."

With a stroll in the garden we terminated our visit. It was there that the leaves of his character were again unfolded and displayed new charms; and, if one might judge by his remarks, he was not unmindful of the many blessings he was permitted to enjoy. Among the plants and flowers he was equally at home. His studies in the great school of nature had been as profound as those in art. Nature to him was a religion—the religion of the soul.

We returned to the reception for a few moments before taking our leave. He said, when we had thanked him for one of the most delightful visits we had ever enjoyed:

"If you have been agreeably entertained—and I believe you are honest in saying so—then I am indebted to you for the great pleasure it gives me to hear you express your satisfaction with your visit, and I hope you will all come soon again."

It was in the month of September, in the same year, that I paid a second visit to the home of Edwin Forrest. It was on the Sabbath. I particularly mention the fact of its having been on a Sunday that my visits, as well as that of others, were paid, in order to refute the false reports, circulated from time to time, to the effect that it was on Sunday that Forrest had open house, and held orgies, and provided entertainment of a disreputable character. A servant answered the ring at the door, to whom I gave my card, which she took to Mr. Forrest. She said, on her return to the parlor, that he was engaged with some gentlemen, and would see me in a few moments. The opening and softly closing of doors, and a gentle footstep passing to and from the reading rooms, were the only sounds that indicated the presence of the inmates of that dwelling, almost solemn in its stillness. At that time Mr. Forrest had lost two sisters by death. The only remaining one, an invalid, was still living with him (none of them had ever been married), as the others had done, in almost strict retirement. Two old servants, grown gray in the service of the Forrest family, completed the household. For his sister, now in the decline of life, he evinced a tender regard. He was an affectionate brother, as he had been a devoted son. Miss Forrest had met with an accident that culminated in a fatal disease, which terminated her life eighteen months after. She was walking in the garden one afternoon with her dog—a great pet, in speaking of whom Forrest would say: "His extreme ugliness is his great beauty." She saw that a storm was coming, and hastened to close the shutters that opened into the little theatre in the basement of the building, when a gust of wind suddenly blew one of the shutters with great force against her ankle and cut an artery. She saw that she was bleeding profusely, and called for one of the servants. The call not being answered, the faithful dog started into the house to look for help. Failing to find anyone there, he darted towards the carriage-house. The carriage was gone, and with it the coachman. He then rushed to the hothouse; there he found the cook gathering fruit for the supper-table. Seeing the antics of the dog, his yelping and his tugging at her dress, she knew that something was amiss. As quickly as possible she followed in the direction indicated by the faithful animal, and there she found the poor, old lady insensible from pain and loss of blood. Aid was summoned and a physician procured, and it was found that her injuries were of a serious nature. From that time her recovery was only partial. Her health gradually declined, and finally death ended her sufferings. A long time after, while speaking of the circumstance, Forrest would say:

"I shall always love that dog. If it had not been for his faithful attendance upon his mistress, she would have lain there in the garden and died alone, and no doubt he would have been a lonely watcher."

The dog was lying on a rug at his feet sleeping, as he tenderly stroked the head of his faithful companion. It was very touching to note the expression of his face as he silently regarded the noble animal. His silence was more eloquent than words. Forrest used to say, in answer to questions in regard to his lonely friend:

"There is no amount of money could induce me to part with him. I have more faith in his friendship than in that of many human beings I have known and deemed friends. No; I shall never part with him. He is not much to look at, but I know his worth."

He was now left the last of his race. How much of sadness does that little sentence convey!

One of the principal adornments of the reception-room that particularly attracted my attention while I was waiting was a lithographic portrait of the great tragedian, over which was placed by loving hands a garland of bay-leaves. It was a fine likeness, and magnificent as a picture. It was taken when he was about thirty years of age. The dress is modern and exquisitely neat. Every lineament of that grandly beautiful face was indicative of future greatness. I have one of those portraits, with his autograph, in my possession. As a gift from him it is beyond price. I was still looking at the picture, when my meditations were disturbed by approaching footsteps and pleasant voices. It was the visitors taking their departure.

On entering the room, Mr. Forrest came forward with extended hands, in welcome greeting, and said:

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, and I am glad to see you. I was entertaining some friends who are going on a long journey, and I shall not see them for a long time, and I was detained longer than I expected to be when I sent the message asking to be excused for a few moments. I hope, however, that you found pastime among objects inanimate. They are not without language, and, although silent, they are impressive."

After a brief conversation upon ordinary subjects, he said:

"Will you come into the library? Or, if you prefer it, you can go in and look at the pictures."

In passing along the hall to the staircase, and immediately under it, we stopped, at my request, to gaze at a piece of furniture that looked grim and ancient. It had a stiff, high back, and was not at all suggestive of ease and comfort, nor was it a couch calculated to conjure pleasant dreams. It had a history that dated back as far as the year 1620. It could in imagination readily be placed in some grand old cathedral as a pew.

"Such has been its position," said Mr. Forrest. He had secured it during his travels in Rome, and retained it as a relic. "Sit down on it," he said, "and see how you like it."

"No, I thank you," I replied; "I fear I should become petrified."

"Heaven forbid!" he exclaimed; "I have no especial cabinet for the reception of petrified objects."

His good-natured remarks were always enjoyable, and served to fill up the odd moments happily. It is an art worth cultivating, and is not without its fascinations.

"If you please," I said, "I should like to take another look at the pictures. I am a lover of art and artists in every profession. I enjoy looking at pictures at leisure. There are some at which I could only get a passing glance when I was here last, and I wish to know something about them; and as we are not pressed for time, and your attention, for the present at least, is undivided, I shall greatly enjoy a quiet stroll in the gallery."

He said in the most affable manner:

"I shall be only too happy to render my humble service in giving you the information you desire."

One of his passing remarks was: "All those who adopt art as a profession should love it as an art. If the study is without a due sense of appreciation, or marked by a certain amount of enthusiasm, the result will be, at best, but mediocre."

We entered the gallery and took a seat in front of the famous statue of Edwin Forrest as Coriolanus. It is in Italian marble, pure white, and is six feet and a half in height from the pedestal. The likeness is wonderfully fine. As a work of art it is world-renowned—a semblance of "the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken." I sat gazing in mute admiration on that noble form towering above us in marble coldness, and recalling with renewed pleasure the feeling of majestic awe with which I looked upon his acting of that part many years ago. Little did I think at that time that I should one day be honored by his acquaintence, still less by his friendship. I could scarcely realize that such was the case.

I was drifting far out into the sea of thought, when I was suddenly reminded by a pleasant voice asking me "whether I was not tired of looking at that statue?" I was startled for a moment at the sound of a human voice in a place that was so like Fairy Land, and, for a time, to veil the senses beyond the confines of reality. Recovering myself almost instantly, I realized that while I had been thus occupied he had stolen from his seat at my side so silently that I had not noted the action. When I joined him on the opposite side of the gallery, where he had gone to look at some pictures to which he called my attention, he said:

"I watched you for a long time, and tried to fathom your thoughts as you sat there almost as still as the object of your attention, and I did not wish sooner to break in upon your meditations, although I felt sure that these pictures would be quite interesting."

I referred to the statue in the most careful manner; and, in expressing my opinion, I spoke more particularly of the sculptor, and the execution of his great work, which I knew he would be more pleased to hear than anything I might say of it that emanated from the cottage, at the commencement of the present century, was converted into a roadside inn for the accommodation of man and beast prior to their permanent arrival in or departure from the city, just two miles on the dusty road. Twenty years thereafter, under the management of an energetic gentleman by the name of Mr. Nixon, had been in once before at Niblo's Theatre, New York. I think it is one of your grandest impersonations. Lear is your greatest."

It was the only comment I ventured. I think he fully appreciated my delicacy. He bowed, and smilingly said:

"I thank you." Then, turning to the pictures: "Here we have the gradations of life represented in landscape—three in number, Morning, Noon and Evening. A beautiful conception, and finely executed. In the first is seen the river, and near the shore is a boat in readiness to receive a christening party. Across the river, and glowing in the sunshine, is seen the spire of the village church, to which the infant is about to be taken to receive the rite of baptism. In the second we see the same river, and, stepping lightly from the shore to the boat in loving confidence and conscious pride, is seen a girlish figure, arrayed in her bridal robes, to be married in the same church that had witnessed her baptism. Standing again by the same river, now frozen over, no boat is seen. A funeral procession is slowly wending its way across the unbroken surface towards the church that had received the infant and the bride. Bowed down with age and grief, a deep mourner, is the widowed husband."

"The subject," I said, after a thoughful contemplation, "is saddening in its effect."

"Yes," he replied thoughtfully. He then pointed to the coffin in the last picture of the group, and said, to my surprise: "I don't believe in any thing beyond that. Why should we fear death, since it is perpetual rest?"

I did not express my thoughts, but I think that, as he was a keen observer, he detected something in the expression of my face that denoted disappointment. No further allusion was made to the subject. The remark—or, more properly speaking, the expression of his belief—was by no means irreverent. I have heard him many times since speak upon the subject of immortality with fervor and reverence, and I am inclined to the belief (and I speak from knowledge gained by confidence) that his creed, whatever form of worship it might take, was free from hypocrisy and outward show—sincere, and acceptable in the sight of Him to whom all things are known.

Time was passing rapidly, and my visit, a rarely pleasant one, was coming to a close, and therefore I was obliged to flit from one object to another. A mere glance at some of them was all that I could get for the present, and with that I contented myself until my next visit, which was to be the next year.

"A long time to wait," he said; "but such is the fate of an actor. We are all wanderers, but not outcasts."

He expressed great satisfaction in having met with—what he considered in the light of a blessing—a sincere friend. I felt very much gratified to be so acknowledged; and I think time and these sketches, truthful in their simplicity, will bear witness that in this instance his judgment had not played him false. Some light refreshment, and a pressing invitation to come again on his return from his tour, should our lives be spared, terminated my second visit to the home of our great American tragedian.

MISS ROSE WOOD. MISS KATE CLAXTON. MISS MAUDE BRANSCOMBE.

CELEBRITIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

"THE GOTHAM."

A WORLD-RENOWNED BOWERY INSTITUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. THOMAS PICTON.

The passing month of May has been no season of merriment to all New-Yorkers. On the contrary, were it permitted veteran "fire-vamps" to drop tears of condolence over the physical destruction of memorials due to their departed glory, not a dry eye would have been found among the myriad of mourners witnessing in sadness of heart the demolition of that venerable relic of a centennial past, so long and favorably known to the denizens of the east-side as "The Gotham." The fair fame of this quaint and memorable place of popular resort was by no means limited to appreciation by the inhabitants of Manhattan; for, although it was a local institution, gifted with an especial and distinctive character through association with incidents intimately connected with the palmiest days of our Volunteer Fire Department, it was the reputation of New York's oldest and most primitive roadside inn was widespread among Atlantic towns and cities, not a visiting company of brother firemen ever being permitted, for many years past, to shake the dust of Manhattan Island from off their feet without draining a cup of friendship beneath the hospitable roof of our gallant fire-boys' social Walhalla. The long, low, rambling edifice, popularly known as "The Gotham," boasted an existence of a full century, the land upon which it had been erected having been the property of a British Tory, upon whose exodus to Halifax it passed into the possession of a Frenchman with the singular cognomen of Noiseworthy, who thereupon assumed occupation of the fugitive's homestead, therein to enjoy the profits of peace. Being located upon the Bowery, in close proximity to its junction with the Boston post-road, the cottage, at the commencement of the present century, was converted into a roadside inn for the accommodation of man and beast prior to their permanent arrival in or departure from the city, just two miles on the dusty road. Twenty years thereafter, under the management of an energetic gentleman by the name of Mr. Nixon, had been in once before at Niblo's Theatre, New York. I think it is one of your grandest impersonations. Lear is your greatest."

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At "The Gotham" were officially held all meetings of the committee having management of the annual Firemen's Ball, for many years regarded as the event of the terpsichorean season, while upon the occasions of elections of chief-engineers the grand saloon of "The Cottage" presented, as return after return came in from Firemen's Hall announcing alternations in company votes, a scene of excitement and of enthusiasm incapable of description: still of confusion there was none, as the influential firemen of that period invariably demeaned at public assemblages with dignified decorum, so much so that disorders oftentimes characterizing Congressional proceedings would not for a moment have been tolerated at a meeting of representatives at Firemen's Hall. Finally, the decisive ballot cast and the successful candidate proclaimed amid united cheers of the contending parties, the entire body of electors conjoined in formal procession, and fraternally marched to "The Gotham," where awaited them an abundance of delicacies, liquid and solid, to be devoured alike by presumptive friend or foe, prepared in advance, to be paid for by the successful aspirant to the white hat with the gilt front, whoever he might be.

If general sociability distinguished these stated official festivities, the weekly recurrence of an informal Sunday gathering presented a by no means less genial spectacle, as upon that day of leisure assembled members of companies from every fire district in their individual capacities to discuss matters of general interest to the department, to bring to mind memories of "auld lang syne," and to recement friendships of the passing time. Then did "The Gotham" overexcel itself in the excellence and prodigality of its free lunch, and the house was ever famous for fabrication of toothsome delicacies. At times would be served a chowder, the artistic production of "Billy" Mansfield, a notable butcher of the Seventeenth Ward, successively assistant alderman, police-captain and police-magistrate, who was loth to admit Daniel Webster to be his peer in the confection of the great statesman's dish. But ordinarily were placed before our citizen firekings huge rounds of corned beef, never weighing less than forty pounds, selected and prepared for their delectation from Harpell's choicest stock, four or five of which were oftentimes devoured upon a single day.

"The Gotham" became, moreover, extensively known in connection with our national pastime, as beneath its roof was held the first general convention of baseball players, one of the earliest clubs in existence deriving its significant title from this snuggery in the Bowery. "The Gotham" Club was a large association from the hour of its inception, organized through the election of Judge William H. Van Cott as president, and Gabriel Van Cott as secretary, with a roll of influential members, principally business men, embracing Harry B. Venn, Lieutenman Senchenstein, James Forsyth, Joseph Foss, John Baum, George Montjoy, William Johnson, Edward Turner, E. Bonnell, Bates, Tooker, and a host of other notables. Its first playing members distinguishing themselves were Tom Van Cott, Sheridan, McCluskey, Cudliffe, and William Burns, its pitcher, afterwards lost at sea upon the Central America, wrecked in the Pacific.

An interesting and melancholy incident connected with the history of "The Gotham" is the fact that at that point commences the first trace of his wanderings upon that night supposed to be the last spent by the well-known William Harrington alive upon this earth, as no explanatory clue has as yet been discovered elucidating the mysterious fate of the man. "Boss" Harrington, a butcher, repeatedly visited "The Gotham" to maintain social relations with his friends in the same trade, and was there by them last seen about nine o'clock in the evening, when, in company with Capt. Halstead, he departed for a stroll, first visiting the Hone House, in Broadway, and subsequently the saloon of the Allen Brothers, in the same thoroughfare, near the Christy Minstrels' Hall. Here the two separated, the captain returning to his home, while Harrington must have wandered about considerably, as it was midnight when he turned up at "The Old Tree House," corner of Pell street and the Bowery, a building historically celebrated from having been the residence of Charlotte Temple. Harrington tarried in Carland's saloon briefly, and from that hour no trace of the veteran pugilist, living or dead, has come to light. His agility and strength rendering possibility of foul play untenable, a remark of Harrington, remembered at "The Gotham," that "no mourners would attend my funeral," sustains a general impression of suicide, presuming the muscular "Boss," after attaching a weight to his feet, to have plunged into the river and there perished. As Bill Harrington died poor, and had been once in the prize-ring, it was suggested by John Morrissey, then at the climax of his pugilistic glory through defeat of John C. Heenan, that a benefit be given for the relief of the widow. In furtherance of his proposition, the victor visited his vanquished opponent, and an arrangement was effected for them to appear and spar together in public on that occasion. The benefit took place at the theatre in the Bowery now known as the Volks' Garden, and the sum realized by Morrissey in anticipation as to the attractiveness of their joint appearance was thoroughly demonstrated, inasmuch as more than a thousand ticket-holders could not obtain admittance. The proceeds of the entertainment, aggregating a large sum of money, were paid over to Mrs. Harrington, who removed into New Jersey, where she shortly after died, a confirmed lunatic, her mind and body broken down through incessant watching for her husband's return to his home.

About 1863 Bolen & De Bender succeeded Bonnell in possession of "The Gotham," and they in turn gave place to Mr. John Mathews, under whose regime the original title of the house was restored, an error in judgment singularly prophetic of the impending doom of both "The Cottage" and "The Gotham."

GRIGSBY'S PARTNER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

John Grigsby is one of the press gang in this city. I am another one. We work by either day or night, just as we happen to be employed on the morning or evening papers. Printing-house square is nearer a home to us than anywhere else, although we lodge and eat elsewhere.

Some people think the brains of a whole community must be found in a printing-office. Let them look carefully, and they will find several things not so intellectual. They will find old fellows like Grigsby and me doing things some folks call boyish. And what of it?

It is not a hard matter for two old newspaper men to agree in saying that half the world lives at the other half's expense; still we disagree upon beggars. Some say "no" easily enough. Others find it a hard word. It sticks fast and bothers us. Then, again, Grigsby is too fond of repeating a text: "The fool and his money are soon parted."

The other day Grigsby and I were walking up through the Bowery. There are generally beggars in that thoroughfare asking the public to "patronize the blind." Some of those beggars may be totally blind; others may only have a blind side, like the rest of us; while some certainly have a remarkably keen perception of music and Harry How cannot be more in unison. Long ago I found it best to give my penny and receive their unctuous "God bless you" in return. It seemed business-like, and there was something like value received for the money. Grigsby thinks differently.

"That money is always spent for rum in the vilest bucket-shops. It is worse than thrown away. If you must squander it, why not have a moderate kind of reason for it?"

That was because I had "patronized" a sturdy blind beggar for three or four pennies once.

When Grigsby and I came to the corner of Canal street and Bowery, a tall man of middle age stood in the way leaning on crutches, and begging earnestly from every person passing. He was a bloated, miserable wreck of a man—one leg hopelessly gone, and the man himself badly shattered from dissipation and drink. I saw at a glance it was an unsavory case, and to silence Grigsby kept my pennies in my pocket. Imagine my astonishment, then, at seeing him dive first into one pocket and then another until he brought up a handful of silver. He gave that cripple a bright half-dollar, and then hurried along as if to escape from the usual "God bless you." Thanks? Then was only a grim scowl in return as the money was swiftly sent into a greasy pocket. Then the dirty and bloated hand was promptly extended again to others passing. Not a nice subject for charity, was he?

I laughed outright when we were across the street, for which Grigsby glared at me angrily. Then, seeing I would laugh, he softened a little.

"I couldn't help it. How did he look? For I couldn't bear to look at him, poor fellow!"

The whole thing was queer, and I still laughed.

"Come, man," said he seriously; "if you knew all about that man, as I do, you would feel more like crying than laughing. It is no laughing matter."

"Who in the world is the man, then, Grigsby?"

"A Chicago flour man once; had an office in Crosby's Opera-house, close by the Produce Exchange. That was before the fire—but you never lived there; no matter. He was one of your nice men; his kids always fitted, and so did his coats; a very nice Scotchman, and a member of a Covenanter church, too—but what a shame! You wouldn't mind going back again to him with this, would you?" and he wrote half-a-dozen words on a bit of paper, and slipped that and some money into my hand. "It's not likely I shall ever meet him again."

"But he will only get drunk with it," I argued.

"Perhaps he will, poor fellow!" and he added more money.

I went back and gave that beggar the money, but he didn't thank me for it. He put it swiftly into his pocket with the rest. But I wrote down Grigsby for a simpleton.

It was later, it was when this Russo-Turkish war began in earnest, that Grigsby developed—if that single word expresses it properly. He pitched all of his own money, with what he could borrow, too, into a flour speculation. Next he showed me a remarkable balance-sheet with a heading well displayed. It read: "For account of Grigsby & Co." The figures were enough to make a man lose confidence in somebody. There appeared to be a net profit on flour amounting to twenty-one thousand dollars.

"My partner in this thing is the man who held the trumps," said Grigsby to me. "You'd like to know him, and we'll all dine at Delmonico's today at six o'clock, sharp."

I went, of course; newspaper men like good dinners, but there was something queer about this dinner. I had tasted the soup—excellent soup it was—when this queer partner of Grigsby's launched out into saying grace. Grigsby scowled like a thundercloud because I laughed. Who could help it? It was because he thrust out his hand precisely as if he wanted a penny dropped into it, and I was trying unconsciously to find the penny. Grigsby's partner was one of the queerest I ever met.

PEACHAM.

THE HARD-BATTED BASEBALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND DEDICATED TO JOE START.

How dear to the heart is the green-covered ball-field,
Where the good rival captains their men right well place—
The pitcher, the catcher, the right field, the left field—
The gay nine, the true men, who guard well each base;
The short stop so lively, the centre field handy,
The bat and the striker who aims to strike high;
But dearer than all to the hearts of good fielders
Is the leather-clad baseball we catch on the fly—
The jolly old baseball, the well-covered baseball,
The leather clad baseball we catch on the fly.

The umpire, who calls out the strikes and the fouls,
Who all growling prevents with decisions so wise;
The striker, who growls when he goes out on three strikes,
Who calls for low balls, and strikes at skyhighs;
The man who knocks liners as swift as chain lightning,
To lay out the pitcher, the short stop and all;
But a good fielder's grip on that ball is so tightening
That he'd not drop that loving, old red-hot baseball—
The battered old baseball, the grass-covered baseball,
The well covered baseball we used to so maul.

Brooklyn, 1878. W. B. CAMPBELL.

MISS ROSE WOOD.

This lady, who at Wallack's Theatre, this city, last season shared the honors with Miss Ada Dyas in a measure, and who quite recently, in San Francisco, evoked praise for her portrayal of Agnes Ethel's original role of Agnes in the English version of Sardou's "Andrea," is a native of this city, and a daughter of the late William Wood, once a foremost pantomimist and grotesque dancer upon the American stage. Tradition affirms that, when a very little child, she made her bow to the public, the occasion being the benefit of Charles Burke the comedian, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, where she participated in the dance in the then popular drama of "The Dumb Man of Manchester." In 1855 she and her since deceased brother William, who was her instructor, removed to Baltimore, Md., were they were employed as dancers for nearly a year. Returning to Philadelphia, she reappeared in that city in 1856, at the Walnut-street Theatre. This was for her an eventful night. She was cast for the role of the Spirit of Good in the opera of "The Enchantress," performed by the Richings Troupe, and an anxious watcher at the wings was her faithful brother William. After a season at the Walnut, she went to the Arch, where she became a favorite as a dancer. It is a memory with us that it was about 1858, at the Broadway Theatre, that she made her first appearance in this city, with one of the famous ballet troupes of those days; but we shall not venture to state it as a fact. A turning-point in her career was her going to New Orleans in 1864, after she had fulfilled an engagement at the Winter Garden, this city, in 1862, and a later one at the Boston Museum. It was while she was engaged at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, that she was entrusted with a speaking part. That and others for benefits led her ultimately to abandon dancing and confine herself to dramatic roles. It was during her engagement in the South that she joined her fortunes to those of Lewis Morrison the actor, the marriage taking place in Texas on Aug. 28, 1865. She was re-engaged at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, during the seasons of 1866 and 1867, and in 1870 we find her playing at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, where she continued until the Fall of 1874, when she commenced a tour of the country, supported by J. F. Sherry's company, opening in the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Sept. 14. During a part of the season of 1875 she was supported by her husband, she starred in many of the principal theatres of the country, first making a tour of the Pennsylvania towns under the management of James Ward, supported by the principal members of the Walnut-street Theatre company of Philadelphia, and on Feb. 16, 1876, she made her debut, as an actress, in this city, at the Park Theatre, acting Sybil Hawker in "Brass," and continuing until that piece was withdrawn, May 20. She next went to Wallack's Theatre, and after acting there for a brief period of time she again started on a tour of the country, supported by a company under the management of her husband—Lewis Morrison. At the present time she is a member of a New York company engaged at Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., which is now making a brief tour of the interior towns of that State.

MISS MAUDE BRANSCOMBE.

This young actress is possibly better known through the numerous photographs of her, which are scattered throughout the length and breadth of our land, than by her artistic abilities. She commenced her career in London, Eng., her native land, acting with amateurs; and having played Ophelia in "Hamlet" sufficiently well to attract the attention of managers, she secured an engagement at the Olympic Theatre, where in March, 1876, she made considerable success in impersonating the chief character in the comedietta of "'Twas I." She came to this country with the Lisa Weber Burlesque Troupe, making her first bow at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, June 19, 1876, in the burlesque of "Juan Junior, or Leporella and the Naughty Fellow." She soon withdrew from that organization, and accepted for the season of 1876-7 an engagement at what is now known as the Standard Theatre, this city, with which, however, she severed her connection on October 12. She next played in Canada, traveling with sir Randal Roberts, and for the season of 1877-8 she joined the company at the Howard Athenæum, Boston. This Spring she became a member of the company at the Folly Theatre, Chicago, Ill., under the management of Mme. Ninon Ducloz; and when that lady retired from the direction of the theatre, on May 6 last, Miss Branscombe joined Pauline Markham's Burlesque Company, with which she is now traveling.

MISS KATE CLAXTON.

The subject of our sketch is the daughter of Col. Spencer W. Cone, late of the United States Army, and granddaughter of the Rev. Spencer H. Cone, for some time an actor, and subsequently one of the foremost pulpit orators of the Baptist denomination in this country; and she is a direct descendant of Daniel Cone, one of the English settlers of Hartford, Ct., and Brig.-general Jos. Spencer, who commanded the Eastern District during the Revolutionary War. Having had every advantage of education, and although enjoying high social prestige, she chose to adopt the dramatic profession from a pure love of it. Her debut on the stage was as Mary Blake in "Andy Blake," and her professional career was passed in stock companies supporting Lotta, Joseph Jefferson and other stars at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., and at Crosby's Opera-house, Chicago, in which latter city, it may be added, she first faced the footlights, Dec. 29, 1869. We first find her in this city enrolled as a member of the company at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre in Twenty-fourth street, at the opening of the season of 1870-1, on Sept. 13, when she ac

NEW YORK CLIPPER.
SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

JOHN B. WELLS, Toronto.—The man who bet upon Plaisted loses. No change in the conditions of the race was made. The meaning of the provision in regard to rough water being that, in case the water was considerable while there was sufficient light to complete the contest on the day named, the referee would have power to postpone it. It was necessary to designate some time for the men to be in readiness for the call to their stations (and they were called out before six o'clock), but it was not contem. plated that a few minutes' unavoidable delay should com. p l the postponement of the race for twenty-four hours, when the water might have been too bad to admit of row. ing at any time during the day, which would be equally unfortunate for contestants, spectators, and all others concerned.

UMPIRE, Rochester.—"Can a ball be a strike and a dead ball at same time?—thus: Man at second, man at bat, pitcher has one more ball to pitch. It must be three strikes or three balls. Pitcher delivers the latter strikes at it, but man at second run in at home and gets there. Can base can be run in on man scored on such a ball. The umpire calls "Dead ball," ignoring the strike. The pitcher ought to be punished by sending the batsman to first base on every ball which hits the striker.

E. L. H., Colorado Springs.—Lincoln's second cabinet was composed of the following gentlemen, who held over Treasury, Hugh McCulloch; of War, Edwin M. Stanton; of Navy, Gideon Welles; of Interior, J. P. Usher; Postmaster-general, William Dennison; Attorney-general, Jas. Speed. 2. Stanton and Welles did natural deaths, so far as we can see recall. Certainly Stanton, Seward and Welles did. 3. No man-of-war was blown up in Charleston Harbor in 1862. The monitor Keokuk was sunk there in April, 1863.

O. M., Ring Ring.—1. Unless the articles of agreement so specify, contestants in a jumping match are not required to use weights of the same "heft." 2. Heavy shoes need be worn in practice. 3. No professional jumper of prominence now here. 4. Haven't heard of him for a long time. 5. A. S. Thompson of the San Francisco Olympic Club, has the best amateur record for a standing jump—12ft. 2in.

PEDESTRIAN, Buffalo.—1. We believe it is the first time that particular feat was accomplished at the first attempt, although better performances have been done at a first trial. 2. No amateur ever before, to our knowledge, attempted to walk that distance. 3. A mistake. 4. Yes; J. E. Dixon, an English amateur, walked 100 miles in 20h. 34m.

J. L. THOMAS.—"A man is at the bat; there are two strikes on him and one ball called on the pitcher; a ball is pitched; the umpire, being rather quick, calls a ball, and then a strike as the batsman strikes at it. The question is can the umpire change his decision—having once called a ball, can he call a strike also?" 1. The corrected call is right. He can change his decision in this case.

STRIKING, Brooklyn.—1. By addressing a letter, inclosing stamps for reply, to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., he will send you a printed copy of the copyright law. 2. You cannot secure a copyright in Englishcountry. None are granted there save to bona-fide citizens. 4. 10 lines, $39.25; 20 lines, $58.50; 30 lines, $87.75. 5. All in advance.

MUSICAL GENIUS, Newark.—1. You had better consult some physician skilled in throat diseases. What would reflect upon another's. 2. The salary you would receive as a music maker would depend entirely upon your talent and reputation. 3. Perform alone, if you excel. 4. Your handwriting is fair.

TIPPECANOE, Lafayette.—1. High, low, jack and game count first, and in that order. Then comes whichever of cards you are called, bernardo, don, sancho and pedro. 2. The innovations that counts most. We cannot tell what. It is not a call-out game. The various points take precedence.

FIDELITY, Pittsburg.—1. If the increase in your weight has not marred the shapely contour of your figure it need make no difference; but if it has it will probably interfere with your success on the dramatic stage. 2. We refer you to THE CLIPPER for an engagement to play respectable utility, stating your former professional experience.

O. J. S., Philadelphia.—We would advise you to bring your small terrier dog with you when you visit this city. You would be required to have a license for it, and unless you led it by a leash it would most likely be "caught up." It would trouble you to get accommodation for it in hotels.

FRIZE-FIGHTER, Cedar Rapids.—1. Because he was not disposed to act fairly. 2. Tom Allen and Ben Hogan, now Bng., Nov. 8, 1865, and was buried in Highgate Cemetery. 4. Goss. 5. A matter of opinion. 6. Jim Mace, who is now in Australia.

A. Lanark.—1. No purely English rifle team ever visited this country. The team which came over last year was known as the British team, and was composed in part of Irishmen, with a Scotchman for its captain. We cannot cost ten cents each.

FRANK WILLIAMS, Boston.—The race between Courtney and Riley to which you allude was to have been pulled off on sudden illness some hours before the time set for the start, Riley rowed over the course alone. Courtney subse. quently beat Riley at Saratoga, Owasco Lake and Oswego.

J. H.—You can, "count cards, while playing cassino, to put you out." We have so decided a thousand times. There is a time when you cannot count cards to put you out, and we have so decided almost as often. Define the time when you cannot count cards to put you out and cause its dispute, and then we shall know exactly how to treat it.

SALOON-KEEPER, Vermontville.—1. A "widow" that has been legally by all parties must be turned over. 2. It has not necessarily to be turned over after a "knock." The next man, if he has not passed it already, may want to take it, rather than to draw one card from it.

E. B. V. D., Brooklyn.—No answers by mail. It is estimated that the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, will seat 2,435 persons. We keep no record of churches. A letter of inquiry addressed to the Rev. Mr. Halliday, assistant pastor, may elicit the information.

SUPERVISOR, Harrisburg.—1. Glasses receive from 30 to 50 cents upwards during long engagements, according to their skill and reputation. 2. It is not too late to get curiosities by advertising for them. 3. The license would depend upon where you alight exhibit.

C. W., Buffalo.—A loser, if the game, after five innings had been played, was ended by rain or darkness. If five innings were not played, or if the two clubs mutually agreed to abandon the game when it was possible to play further, it is a draw.

M. K. BURGOYNE.—1. "Ringers" do not count as such in the nearest visible iron of the pin to the nearest visible iron of the quoit, the closest to the pin winning. Should both opposing quoits touch the pin, they are not counted.

A. G. RIDGE & CO., Fitchburg.—The sale of this book in the State will be suppressed. Objectionable matter will probably be cut out, other matter being substituted, when the work will be placed on sale. Several thousand copies were printed.

L. A. B., Delaware.—"A ball is batted in the air about foot base, and about eight feet *inside* the line, in front of bounds outside said foul line. Is it a fair or a foul ball?"..... It is a fair ball.

LEX.—1. When the late G. L. Fox performed at what is now called the National Theatre, in this city, S. A. Waring was the lessee and Fox the manager. 2. No benefit was given the widow of G. L. Fox in this city shortly after his death.

TIME WORCESTER.—"In the sixth inning, when Galvin of the Buffalos was at the bat, he struck a ball which would have been foul, but, starting to run, the ball struck his foot, and the umpire ruled that the accident fatally kicked put him out. Was the above ruling correct?"..... Yes.

SYRACUSE.—In some places it would be called a tie; in others it would be decided that he who won the coin covered the crack with its centre, or almost its centre. The latter is our decision.

F. O., Cincinnati.—There is no directory of small towns on Long Island. Address him as far as you can, and the many knowing ones in the post offices will be able to reach him. They know them.

W. M., New Haven.—There is to be a steeplechase at Jerome Park on May 30, the opening day. There is also to be one on the closing day, June 8. Perhaps there will be others.

W. J. H., Brooklyn.—B wins. He did not do what he said he would—beat A. A did not say he would beat B. Had he said so, the bet would have been a draw, as that stipulation to beat would then have rested upon both parties.

W. H. C., Brooklyn.—By inserting an advertisement you will find the addresses of several who advertise to write songs. A friend who would cost you from $1 to $5, according to its merit.

FULLER.—It is the law in this State or in several others that during the performance of all aerial feats a net shall be spread beneath the performers, who should furnish all such apparatus.

H. D., Chicago.—If B did not play a trump to the left bower, A scores two for a "renege." B could not be compelled to play his right bower, however, if he had a smaller trump to play.

W. G.—1. It may count for the player. It can never count for his opponent's. Ordinarily it counts for neither. 2. It is a "scratch" in every instance save one. This may be that one.

G. E., Tecumseh House.—This bet is a draw. In some places a player at pinochle can draw a new hall and play at once after "bursting;" in others he must wait till his turn comes round.

SNAKEBOTTOM, Rochester.—A gets all his money back, if he is to get any at all. The sporting rule of the English turf does not apply to everything in this country, and least of all to baseball.

LOTUS, Manayunk.—The manufacturers who sell these "parlor games" should also furnish rules. If they have not done so in your case, make your own rules. It is bagatelle to play simply.

WILKESBARRE.—The cue-ball is to be spotted, and not the object ball unless a pocket table be used, they are all within the "string," in which case the deuced goes on their spots.

L. H. N., Cleveland.—1. No person ever turned a double somersault from his knees. 2. Persons have turned a single somersault from the knees, and repeated the feat in moderately quick succession.

TROJAN, Troy.—The Haymakers of Troy belong to the International championship matches, but only in the State series.

H. O. EDWARDS, Chicago.—We gave all the space to it that we could spare, and, indeed, all that it merited. You can obtain a detailed account by sending for a Providence paper of the following day.

INQUIRING SUBSCRIBER.—While Daniel O'Leary remains in possession of the Astley belt, it will not be necessary for him to leave this country to engage in a competition therefor.

C. D. S., Dayton.—There have been flea-trainers in this city. A foreigner had a lively family on exhibition here at least as far back as twenty-five years ago.

F. B., Brooklyn.—Either give us some clue as to the approximate time, so as to aid us in a search, or else address Edward Hughes.

VINNAY BITTER, Baltimore.—1. It is sufficient to say "muscine," and to take the count. 2. When they are playing, their names appear in our baseball columns.

CHARLEY, Berlin.—There is scarcely any chance. There are a hundred applicants for every one position of that kind.

D. T. W., Newark.—Miss Maggie Mitchell was born in this city. We have no knowledge that she ever resided in Cincinnati.

G. A. P., Clyde.—1. We prefer not to make salaries public. 2. If the player who miscalls loses the game, if there are any "rubbings," the other two can divide them.

J. W. B., Rardleville.—The "rules of the game" settle it. The game is arbitrary, and is scarcely played alike in any two places.

J. B. C., Carbondale.—Questions of this character are to be determined by the society itself. It alone is the supreme judge of its own actions and of its officers.

J. McGOUGH.—Your best plan to elicit the desired information would be to address a letter of inquiry to the person named in care of this office.

CORANCE, Harrisburg.—Any tailor in your city can give you specimens of cassimere about such suits than we can. They are not for sale ready-made in this city.

R. d., Boston.—We think T. W. Tobin is in Louisville, Ky., where he delivered a course of lectures last Winter. We have not received your letter.

DUTCH.—The version of "Rip Van Winkle" played by Joseph Jefferson is MS., and not for sale, being his individual property.

FITTLER MCDOWELL FOOT, Charleston.—A game of pool is won when one of the two players has got exactly many points that the other cannot get 61 clear. A has won the game, quietly

ATHLETIC.

MYSTIC BOAT CLUB SPORTS.

A successful athletic meeting was held at Waverly Park, Newark, N. J., May 25, under the auspices of the above club. The weather was of the best, the crowd large, and the competitions as a rule very interesting, the performances meriting special attention being the hundred-yards run, which Value, with 5½ yards *off*, won in 10sec.; the running high jump, Ficken equaling his former record, but failing to excel or reach Conover's jump; and the 150yds. special, Wilmer finishing in 16½sec. *Hundred-yards run*—Heat 1: A. F. Moore, Stevens' Indred-yards run—Heat 1: A. F. Moore, Stevens' Indred yards run—Heat 1: A. F. Moore, Stevens' Indred yards run—Heat 1: A. F. Moore, Stevens' Indred

KATHLENA AND I WAS CROOKED.

A Parody on Betsy and I Are Out.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND DEDICATED TO MR. CHARLES COLLINS.

Draw me a schooner, Jacob, and fill der glass up high,
For dings mit me vas crooked, und I vont vill tell you vay;
You see, my frow Kathlena und me hafe had a jaw,
Und she set me out some bottles she calls der temperance law.

Vat vas der trouble mit her? Vell, Jacob, I don't know,
For I never stop to ask her ven I dink I ought to go;
Bud I stood out der side der doorway und listened mit my ear,
Und I dought I heard her mention dot I'm drinking too much beer.

She says I spend my money down here in your saloon,
Und stay out all der night-time, und sometimes until noon,
Und dot I play peanocle, und also dominoes,
Und dot I have to pay der bills—vas how my money goes.

Now, I have got some tempers, und she vos got some too,
But if I mix mine up mit hers I don't dink dot vould do;
For she has got a muscle dot feels yoost like a bone,
Und I really dink her temper vas quicker out my own.

So when ve vas togedder ve seldom disagree—
Dot is, I never school her ven she vos scholding me,
Because I dinks it safer, for me und vot I own,
For her to do der fightin'—so I let her fight alone.

But vhen she twiddled me last night of drinking too much beer,
Id histed up my courage and crammed down all my fear;
So fill dot schooner, Jacob, I'll drink Kathlena's health,
Und try and buy my happiness by spending all her wealth.

Of course you dook my meaning. Don't dink it vas a joke.
I tell you I feel crooked, und my heart vas almost broke
To dink that my Kathlena, who vonce did love me so,
Now says dot I'm a drunkard, und tells me I can go.

Vhy, Jacob, dar's been lots of times dot I could broke her head
Vhen she vas cross und spunky, und vished dot I vas dead;
Und vonce I dought I'd do it, but Kathlena vas do strong,
Und I had to beg her pardon und say dot I was wrong.

But as I had succeeded dot time to get vone in,
I'd knocked some goodness in her, und crowded out some sin.
Bud give me anodder schooner—I've five cents more to spare,
For I always keeps der money in der panterloons I wear.

Vot's dot? She wear der breeches? Now, den, vot make you laugh?
You bet your life she vouldent of she vos der veaker half;
But vet in dunder can I do? My frow vill hafher vay,
Und if I kick against it den der devil vas to pay.

But one ding I vas youst find out—it struck me rather queer—
She always seems most pleasant ven I don't drink any beer;
So I dink I vill surprise her and go home straight to-night—
I'm sure dot vone more schooner won't make a feller tight.

Now, you see dot (*Alc*) Kathlena cams all der household stuff—
What's dot you told me, Jacob? You dink I got enough?
Vell, who's money vas I spending (*Alc*). Vot vos it dot you said?
Dot Kathlena vould go (*Alc*) hungry if I had to buy der bread?

Vell, who cares of she vos hungry? (*Alc*) She can stand it if I could;
But as she'd change her "must and shall" into you ought or should,
I'd vight home as (*Alc*) sober as a deacon (*Alc*) from here;
But she von't—so make dot pony a schooner glass of beer.

Oh, vell, den, keep your lager (*Alc*)—you needn't be so smart;
If it hadn't been for men like me you'd never had a start!
But I find it always ends der same (*Alc*), no matter vot I be,
When (*Alc*) all my money's in your till you've no more use for me.

So it's time to lock up, is it? Well, Jacob, youst look here—
I dink I heard (*Alc*) you tell me dot I've had enough of beer;
Vell, I dink you vas right, Jacob, but I aint too drunk to see
Dot a man who sells der lager always gets der best of me.

It's der first time in my life (*Alc*) dot dem ideas did occur—
Now (*Alc*) Kathlena youst der same ideas vos vhat might come to her;
So, good-night to you, Jacob (*Alc*, I won't go home to-night—
I won't let Kathlena see me; I dink I vas too tight.

But when I do got sober you (*Alc*) won't do dot any more—
When I got full of lager (*Alc*) den shove me out der door;
Und I vouldn't dink it funny if I youst did stop right here,
Und dink about dem words of yours: "I've had enough of beer."

So, good-night to you, Jacob (*Alc*); I'll get sober if I can,
Und I'll promise my Kathlena dot I'll live a sober man;
Oh, you needn't smile about it, I have learnt since I've been here
Dot der reason why we quarrel is because I drink your beer.

O. R. BEERS.

THE DARK AND THE LIGHT:

OR,

DRIFTING APART ON THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

A Story of Absorbing Interest, Thrilling Effects, and Powerful Dramatic Situations.

BY JANE MILL,

AUTHOR OF "DAN'S TREASURE," "LYTTIE CRANBOURNE," "THE GOLDEN BOWL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONSTANCE MAKES A STATEMENT.

"Out, damned spot. 'Out,' I say!
Will this hand ne'er be clean?"—SHAKESPEARE.

We must retrace our steps for a few years to visit a family among whom the Destroying Angel has mown his scythe pitilessly if not cruelly.

As though a pestilence had seized them, Mr. Dorset's family had been attacked by a fatal disease, which carried off, one after another, the four younger children of his first marriage, so that of the children of his first wife only Constance and Herbert remained. To say that they were left to comfort him, however, would not be strictly correct, for Herbert had been coached and crammed until he had passed his examination for the Indian Civil Service, had been appointed to some post in India and sent out to fill it; and Constance was left behind, and, as she termed it, alone. The four children having died, there was really no occasion for Miss Finch to remain in the house, but Mrs. Dorset could not make up her mind to part with her.

"We are all struck with the same blight, my dear," the gentle lady said, as she clasped her last and only child to her breast; "and until He wills that it shall be taken from us we will bear it together."

Thus it was that, besides the servants, Miss Finch, Constance, Mrs. Dorset, her husband, and the baby, now growing a strong, sturdy girl, were the only inmates of Grove House, once crowded with imperious and unruly children. But of all these Constance Dorset was the most solitary. As though by common consent, everyone else in the house avoided her. The baby was scrupulously kept out of her reach, nor was she ever permitted to touch or kiss it; the very servants seemed to shrink from and avoid her when it was dark, and few living creatures had less sympathy or love allotted to their share than she had. And thus the months and years rolled on. Summer succeeded Spring, Autumn and Winter came and went; two years had passed since poor little Freddy's death, when, on the very anniversary of that never-to-be-forgotten day, Constance walked into the bedroom where her father, stepmother and little Mabel slept, and abruptly startled them by saying:

"I've come to tell you that I did it."

"Did what?" asked her father in surprise, for the moment forgetful of the terrible tragedy to which she alluded.

"Killed Freddy," she said calmly.

"You! How could you do it?" was the question.

"I took him out of bed—and he slept so soundly wrapped him in his blanket, and carried him downstairs. I'd opened the drawing-room shutters before, and had a candle ready, and I carried him out through the grounds to the well. The dog knew me and didn't make a noise, and I'd got one of your razors, and then I did it," with a shudder.

There was a heavy thud, as if to emphasize the horrible confession. Mrs. Dorset had fainted. To send Constance from the room and restore his wife to consciousness took some time, and when she was sufficiently calm to realize the situation some decision had at once to be arrived at.

"We can't prosecute the girl," Mr. Dorset said, "but she must leave the house this very day, never to enter it again. I don't approve of convents as a rule, even Protestant ones, but into some religious house or reformatory she must go; such a mad woman is not fit to be at large."

"Would not a mad-house be the best place for her?" Miss Finch had suggested.

But it was not acted upon. Even the consolation of thinking the girl was out of her senses when she committed that infamously cruel deed was denied them.

"We will keep the confession to ourselves," said Mrs. Dorset, looking at her husband and the governess, "though it is scarcely fair to you, Miss Finch. It would be still more horrible to rake up the terrible past. Besides, think of the horror of the punishment that would come upon her. Though she had no pity for my innocent child, I pity her. Poor, misguided creature. Though I suspected her, I never knew till now how far I was from really believing it."

Miss Finch tried to console her, but Mr. Dorset said little. Here was another burden to be borne. Truly, his children had been anything but a blessing to him. His first act was to order Constance to keep her room and pack up all she wished to take away with her, as she was going abroad.

"Abroad!" she repeated defiantly. "I won't go, unless," with a bright expression, "I am to go out to Herbert. He will be glad of me."

"I very much doubt anyone being glad of the company of a murderess," was the stern reply.

The girl's face blanched as she heard her crime thus designated.

"Besides committing the greatest crime that the law recognizes," continued her father, "you have made our name a byeword of reproach wherever it is mentioned. You will never sleep under my roof or sit at my table again. You have your choice; you can go to prison, or you can go on the Continent to some house that I must find for you. You have your choice, but you must decide at once."

"And if I go to prison they will hang me, won't they?" with a shiver, while she instinctively put up her hands to her small white neck. "But shall I forget Freddy then, and how he looked the next morning? Do you think we remember in the grave?—or is it true, what the parson told us on Sunday, that there is a worm that never dieth, and a fire that is never quenched? I can't bear it! I won't! I'd die like Freddy, but I dare not. There is blood everywhere. I see it at night—I wake with it in the morning! It is on my hands. I seem to taste it. But I don't walk in my sleep, do I, as Lady Macbeth did? You have never seen me?"

But her father's heart was hardened against her. She had brought this blight upon his house, upon all he loved. Never again would that look of horror on his wife's face which had come when she saw the dead body of her first-born quite leave her; and never, though she confessed her crime over and over again, would the slur be taken from his name, or the doubt and suspicion that were cast upon him be utterly removed.

"You have to decide," he said sternly. "Once in prison, there will be no escape for you. I will give you ten minutes to think it over. Your decision then will be final."

And he left the room, the girl's white face, with its round, staring eyes, watching him.

"I couldn't bear it any longer," she said wearily; "I was obliged to tell, and if I go away I shall come back and tell it over again. I know I shall. I wouldn't if I could help it. I'd die if I could. I'd be glad to lie in the grave with poor little Freddy. I did it to spite her. But, O Heaven! what a punishment I have brought upon myself!"

Thus she sat, no tears in her eyes, to all outward appearance young and beautiful, yet cursed with her own crime, and bowed down with the horror of her own iniquity.

"Well?" asked her father, looking into the room at the expiration of the time he had given her. "What have you decided?"

"I will go wherever you like to send me."

"Be ready at three o'clock, when I will come for you," and without another word he was gone.

Very quietly and calmly were her preparations made, boxes packed, one of the servants, from whom, of course, the knowledge of her confession was kept, being sent to help her. But Miss Finch and her stepmother kept out of the way, and she had scarcely been human, perhaps, if the longing for one kind, loving word and kiss from either or both of them had not stirred her heart. Pride, perhaps the dread of refusal, kept her from asking for them; but when the cab that was to take her off was at the door, and her boxes had been carried down to it, her fortitude gave way, and she asked pitifully:

"Arn't they going to say good-bye me, papa?"

"Do you expect it?" was the cold reply.

"No; I hoped—but may I not kiss the baby? She is the only one left. Let me kiss her?"

"Do you want to rob us of her too."

It was a cruel speech, but the provocation was great, and the girl writhed under it as though she had been lashed with a whip; like Hagar, but not so innocent and harmless, she was being driven forth into the wilderness, and the place which had been her home should know her no more.

"Poor girl, wicked as she has been, I am sorry for her," sighed her stepmother.

But Miss Finch, not used to be harsh or uncharitable in her judgment, said:

"If she were truly repentant I might pity her; but when I remember the past, and the shame and misery she has brought on all of us, I cannot but feel that justice has been defrauded and the innocent judged as guilty, until she has publicly confessed her crime."

"Poor Mary, it is hard for you," said Mrs. Dorset, putting her arm round the other's neck. "But the darkest cloud has a silver lining, and your 'good time' will come yet."

And the two women kissed each other, and fondled the baby, and seemed to breathe freely, now the dark mystery which had hung over the house for two years was dissipated. Meanwhile, Constance started that night for a religious home on the Continent under the charge of a severe-looking woman, her father, at the last moment, refusing to kiss her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—LOO AND MABEL AT SPA.

"Fate's dark recesses we can never find,
But fortune at some hours to all is kind;
The lucky have whole days which still they choose,
The unlucky have but hours, and those they lose."
—DRYDEN.

On the morning of the same day that the seclusion which had reigned over Drayton Abbey for ten years was broken, and a dinner-party given for the entertainment of the Grants, five persons met and seated themselves at a table in the salle, where breakfast and luncheon were served, in the Hotel de Flanders at Spa. A watering-place which is a thousand feet above the level of the sea usually boasts of keen, fresh air, and this morning the cold was positively intense for the middle of September, and the appetites of our travelers were sharp and ravenous in consequence.

"We have had such a ramble," said the youngest of the party, a girl of some sixteen or seventeen, if one should judge from the youthful lines of her tall, willowy figure, and the frank, almost childish expression of her lovely face.

"Ah! where have you been?" asked a tall, stately lady, who was evidently the chaperone of the party.

"Oh, Mr. Jack knocked at our door as we had arranged last night; aunt didn't feel inclined for a walk, so he and I went first of all down to the Spa, in the middle of the town, where we drank some of that horrid water," with a wry face, "and then right on beyond through a long promenade with avenues of trees and lamps, as though the good people here indulged in a nightly illumination; then, getting beyond this, we ascended the steep paths that wound along the hillside, until we got quite high up and could see the town with its white houses and the river rushing so madly along, and I don't know how long we should have wandered about, but I got dreadfully hungry, so we came back to breakfast."

"Time, too, I should say," grumbled the elder gentleman. "Jack ought to have known better than to have taken you so far; it's nearly ten o'clock."

"It was my fault. I wanted to go; but I hope I haven't kept you waiting," returned the girl brightly. "Have you been down long, auntie?" she added, turning to the third lady of the party, whom those who had met her years ago would still recognize as Mabel Travers.

"No, dear," was the reply, "and the colonel has only just come down; if you had been five minutes earlier you would have had to wait for him."

At which Loo, for she it was, laughed brightly, declaring that he never could forget he had left India, and had no longer any native servants to grumble at. And then there was comparative silence for a time, broken principally by the clatter of knives and forks and plates, and occasional orders given in guttural tones, for some forty or fifty people were breakfasting in this room, the greater number of them being Russian and French, the German element being even in smaller proportion than the English.

"What a row those confounded foreigners do make," muttered Colonel Talboys, pausing when the pangs of hunger had been assuaged. "What are they saying, my dear?" turning to Loo. "I can't make out half of their lingo."

"They are principally talking about gambling," replied the girl with a smile; "something about a bank being broken. Ah, there is the little Russian who traveled from Antwerp with us; what name had he on the card he gave you, colonel?"

"Count Ladislais Schobeloff," replied that gentleman. "Ah, yes, he is coming towards us. I can't say that I like the man."

"And I don't like him," said Mabel Travers decisively.

"Oh, my dear," interposed Mrs. Talboys, "I think him most charming; he told me about his estates in Bohemia and his malachite quarries in Siberia, and he promised to show us some rare and curious pieces of jewelry that he had picked up in his travels and intended to take home to his sister. I thought him a most entertaining man. He told me he was coming to Spa on purpose to gamble."

"Malachite quarries!" echoed Jack Talboys, with contempt. "Do you know that malachite is a carbonate of copper, and is found only in copper mines? He might as well have told you he had large diamond quarries. I don't believe in the man, he seems to me nothing better than a vulgar Jew."

"Just an Englishman's prejudice," retorted his mother loftily. "Perhaps I made a mistake about the quarries; at any rate, he told me they hunted bears in his forests of Bohemia."

"Boars, I should think," sneered the young man, "though one need not go so far for them; he was a pretty good specimen of the animal himself last evening—don't you think so, Miss Loo?"

"He tired me very much," said the girl; "he talked in such a loud tone, and I was weary with traveling, and I always dislike to be obliged to listen to a continual chatter when a carriage is bumping up and down over rough roads, or the railway train is creaking and grumbling and groaning as if in pain. But here he comes."

At that moment the Russian, having caught sight of our party, approached.

"Good-morning," in very tolerable English. "You have recovered from your fatigue," with a bold glance of admiration at Loo, "and you will go to de Kursaal; de bank was broke dree times last week. I meet you dere; I have one friend whom I will introduce, if you permit me. Ze day is lovely. Au revoir." And the little man, undoubtedly of Israelitish extraction, whatever his wealth or rank might be, walked off, while Mrs. Talboys, who had a faculty for making inopportune observations, said:

"You have made quite a conquest, Lucy, my dear; you may never have such another chance. Just imagine being Countess Schobeloff."

"I should not like her to imagine anything of the kind," said Miss Travers coldly, "nor do I think matrimony a subject to be so often jested about; besides, Loo is so young that it seems almost like sacrilege to associate the idea of marriage with such a child."

"Oh, my dear, you have some very exalted ideas of marriage, just because you haven't tried it," laughed Mrs. Talboys, to whom any kind of snub or rebuke was like so much water on a duck's back, and never by any chance ruffling her feathers.

Part of the reason, perhaps, why she was so reckless in ruffling the plumes of others.

It will perhaps be as well to explain here that Miss Travers and Loo, after residing for over ten years in various places on the Continent, where the girl's education was the first care and consideration, were on their way home to England, having got as far as Antwerp when they there met the Talboys, whom Mabel had known many years before. A few days spent in this city, and they were persuaded by their friends to accompany them to Spa, after which they would travel back to England together. Thus it is that we found them the morning after their arrival in the Belgium watering-place, hungry and eager to discover all the opportunities for amusement and the beauties of the place. If the last eleven years had produced a change in Elizabeth Fitz-Howard Hill, they had also done their work upon Loo Travers. From the beautiful, sensitive child she had developed into a lovely maiden, now on the very border-land that separates girlhood from conscious womanhood; nay, perhaps she had crossed that boundary. Be that as it may, the shadows of hope and fear and the various forms of love and hate which passion takes have not yet crept over her, and she is as bright and careless and life-enjoying as a child; nor does her native purity and innocence come from ignorance.

Smile if you like, but at sixteen Loo Travers is, in her way, a very learned and highly accomplished lady. In her way, I repeat, for it is of necessity but mere schoolgirl's knowledge. French, German and Italian are as familiar to her as English, and long, weary lectures on many sciences has she patiently listened to and duly taken notes upon; and if these said notebooks might be questioned, her learning would seem profound. Unfortunately, however, the knowledge was in those books rather than in her head, and though the facts set down there had certainly passed through her mind, they had left but slight impression behind. Still, in languages, music, and art she was far ahead of girls of her age with similar opportunities, and Mabel Travers, who loved her as though she had been her own child, was very justly proud of her and her attainments.

But to return to our party, who are now on their way to the Kursaal, or gambling-saloons, where roulette and rouge-et-noir are carried on nearly from morning till night. History tells us that in former times the gaming-houses belonged to the Bishop of Liege, but at the time when the Talboys and Travers visit it priestly hands no longer grasp such ill-gotten wealth; and though the profits of the establishment were said to exceed forty thousand pounds a year, the decree for their suppression had gone forth. They are busy and flourishing enough on this bright, crisp day in September, however, and Loo, who had heard and read of, though never seen such a place before, walked into the room with a feeling of awe and dread, as though she were going to see something frightfully immoral, yet having all the same some superstitious awe about it. Nothing very dreadful met her eyes, however; having ascended a handsome staircase and walked into the enchanted rooms where the goddess of Chance held undisputed sway, she was disappointed rather than otherwise to find a suite of rooms, in one of which were all kinds of newspapers and magazines, the best samples of the current literature of the day, while in the centre of each of the other two rooms were long tables, around which a crowd of people, three or four rows deep, were gathered. Very handsome were the rooms, the windows of which looked upon the gardens of the Redoute, and a large fire blazed brightly in an English grate in each room, looking by far the most cheerful thing there; for, although the crowds around the table were not noisy, neither were they a happy-looking concourse of people, and as yet Loo had not attempted to push her way in to look at what was going on at the tables.

"Come, Miss Loo, you have not looked at the players," said Jack Talboys, who was by her side. "We must risk something, too, if it is only for the benefit of the establishment. See, here is a vacancy. Now, what do you think of it?"

But Loo made no answer; the faces of those gathered round the table, old, young, rich and poor, patrician or plebeian, had all to a greater or lesser extent a look of intense repression upon them, which seemed to have blotted out for a time the distinctiveness of their own individuality, and the ominous words she had heard one lady say in an undertone to another as she came into the room flashed upon her mind as a kind of commentary upon the scene.

"A man lost all his money and shot himself here last night."

While she is still buried in thought a voice says at her side:

"You will play for me, Miss Travers? It will be lucky; I shall win if you will. You have never played before?"

"No, and don't mean to now, Count," was the reply. "I should be afraid," with a shudder, "of never being able to stop."

"Ah, that is your fancy, your imagination, and you might make me a fortune. See that lady there; she is Anglais, and she is cool as—as—as de weather. She will break the bank, if she do win like this."

Looking in the direction indicated, Loo saw a young lady of some six or seven and twenty, with a pile of gold before her that every minute increased as the light rattle and clink of the roulette board, and the voice of the croupier, showed she is continuing to win, though her stakes are constantly doubled. Fascinated almost against her own will by the success of this woman, Loo watches her white hands for a time as she puts down the golden pieces, or sweeps them towards her, until her eyes wander from the woman's hands to her figure and face, when the girl turns pale and gasps with dismay and doubt, as in the round, bird-like eyes, and, the pale, clearly-chiseled, yet cruel features of this woman she recognizes, after eight years' absence, Constance Dorset. Standing behind her, too, there is a man, oh, so like her, and Loo's heart sinks like lead as she feels, rather than knows, that this must be her old persecutor, Herbert.

CHAPTER XXIX.—AN OLD ENEMY.

"In fortune's empire blindly thus we go;
We wander after pathless destiny,
Whose dark resorts, since prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what shall be."
DRYDEN.

Loo's first impulse on recognizing the Dorsets was to run away and hide herself, but second thoughts overcame this desire. They would not remember her, for she was changed far more than they could be, and they were far too intent upon their gambling to take any notice of anyone else; but for all that she shrank back, giving her place to a wizened little woman, provided with paper and pencil, with which, by a series of dots, she worked out a system in which she had implicit faith, even though, as to-day, she lost persistently. When Loo moved away from the table Constance Dorset was still winning, and if the girl had followed her own instincts and desires she would have returned to the hotel, packed up her trunks, and started by the next train for England. Not that she knew anything about Constance having confessed her guilt, and being banished from her father's house in consequence. No, that had been kept a profound secret from all, except Miss Finch, who was entitled to know it, but to have breathed it beyond would have been to open the old wound afresh; and though it seemed horrible that a murderess should be at large, it was still worse for a father to give up his own child to an ignominious death. So, when explanation was necessary for anyone entitled to inquire, it was stated that, Constance and her stepmother being no longer able to agree, she had been sent to some friends on the Continent, where, for the present, at least, she was likely to remain.

Thus she had stayed abroad all these years, never living long in the same home, or with the same people, everyone being glad to get rid of her, even though they knew not of her fearful crime, till her life had become a misery and burden to herself and a trouble and infliction to others. Wearying of the life she was condemned to lead—for, though her father allowed her two hundred a year, he had long ceased to control her movements and craving for some social position or home that she might call her own, Constance wrote to her brother Herbert, suggesting that she should come out to India to him. She knew well enough that the world did not hold her guilty, nay, that she was pitied, and regarded as one upon whom the sins of others had been cast—particularly by those who did not personally know her. She thought she might begin life afresh in the East, and, forgetting the past, ceasing to speculate upon the future, live only in the present, as in this part of the world she found it impossible to do. But Herbert's letter in reply to her suggestion was not encouraging.

"He should soon be entitled to a year's leave," he wrote, "and he should then come back to England; therefore it was useless for his sister to think of coming out to him, and they could discuss, when they met, the desirability of her returning or not with him."

This had been at the beginning of the same year that we meet them at Spa. Two months later Herbert sailed for England, and during the following six months he had spent his time principally in England, until a few weeks previously to the day Loo recognized him when he had come over to see his sister and enjoy her society. The enjoyment might be doubtful, but hitherto he had been able to endure it. Time leaves its crow's feet on the hearts as well as upon the faces of some people, and Constance Dorset was one of them. Her temper, never good, gentle, or submissive, had become violent, and a want of all natural sympathy for the sufferings of others, or of affection for either human or dumb animals, characterized her to such an extent that she might almost have had a blight, equivalent in malignity to the "Curse of Kehama," breathed upon her. If questioned, she would tell you she never kept pets or flowers, because directly she grew fond of them they died. They made no friends, for children shrank from her, and girls of her own age hushed their whisperings and confidences when she approached, and matrons, who began by extending the hand of cordial friendship and protection, felt a chill grow over them, even if they had no better cause, and soon a distant bow was all the recognition they gave her. But with Herbert surely it would be different, for she loved him. Indeed, she had no one else in the world to love. All her other brothers and sisters had rapidly followed poor little Freddy to the dark land through which all must pass before emerging into the bright realm of a deathless life; her father had thrown her off with loathing and horror, self-convicted also in that he had not been more of a judge and less of a father, and delivered her up to the hands of the law. Men are not, as a rule, fond of demonstrations of affection towards themselves, particularly from their sisters. The effusive affection of other men's sisters might be tolerable, even enjoyable, perhaps; but when a man, unaccustomed to anything of the kind, is expected to kiss his sister each time he leaves or enters the house, and very often to sit with his hand in hers or her arm round his neck, be fondly gazed upon and told how much she loves him, he is apt to get not only weary and bored, but somewhat nauseated by such an abundant dose of sisterly affection, and to suggest impatiently that she shall bestow her endearments upon "some other fellow." Herbert actually did make this observation, the consequence being that his sister recoiled from him as though he had struck her.

"I didn't mean to vex you, Conny," he hastened to add, seeing how pained and angry she looked; "but it is slow work spooning a sister, and you'd find it ever so much more fun if you'd get a real lover of your own; besides, it's time you got married. Why, let me see, how old are you—eight-and-twenty? This won't do; if you don't manage the business here soon, I shall have to take you out to India and get you turned off there."

"I shall never marry," replied his sister decisively, "so don't talk of it."

"Fudge!" was the contemptuous retort. "I have heard many women say that, and they'd jump down the first fellow's throat that asked them. Come, shall we go to the Kursaal? I've half a mind to tempt fortune by risking a gold piece or two. I never put down more than a couple of francs before."

"And I never played," said his sister coldly.

"Then you shall," he laughed; "perhaps you'll be lucky. I'll find the coin, and we'll share the winnings."

Thus it was that brother and sister were in the gambling-saloons on the same morning as the Talboys and Travers paid a visit to them. Hoping to escape their notice, Loo looked about for Miss Travers, but she had gone into the next room, where rouge-et-noir was the centre of excitement, and Mrs. Talboys, seeing Loo with her son, walked a step or two towards them, having two foreigners in her train, neither of whom would have seemed to have mistaken their vocation if, bag in hand, they had walked about the streets of London calling "Ole cloe?" One of them was the Russian Count Ladislas Schobeloff, the other he introduced as his friend Count Heavidoff, the latter being only a shade less prepossessing than himself.

"The Count tells me you won't play for him, Lucile," said Mrs. Talboys with a simper, "so I am going to see if my hand will bring him luck; won't you come and look on, dear? I shall feel so nervous," with another little simper.

"No, I would rather not, if you will excuse me; I want to find my aunt. Do you know where she is?"

"In the next room. Jack, you will take Miss Lucile. Now, Count, I hope I shan't lose your money; if I do I shall feel uncomfortable, and I really know nothing about it."

With which Mrs. Talboys allowed herself to be led off by the two foreigners, who had evidently faith in anybody's luck rather than their own.

"Aunt," said Loo, in an undertone, as soon as she could catch hold of Mabel Travers' arm, "who do you think is here? Who do you think I have seen?"

"No one very dreadful, I hope; you look pale and frightened, child; what is the matter?"

"Constance Dorset and her brother Herbert are here; I have seen them."

"Nonsense! If they were, you wouldn't recognize them, nor they you. I know that Herbert has returned from India on leave, but what should bring him here?"

"I don't know, but there he is in the next room, and Constance is winning such a pile of money; oh, auntie, I don't want to speak to them; it is foolish, I know, but the very thought of Herbert terrifies me."

"It is foolish, but I have no wish to renew our acquaintance with them, either; my last meeting with Herbert was not a pleasant one."

"Indeed! Was he rude to you?"

"Yes; I have forgotten most of it now; but we are decided upon one point—we don't wish to know him."

She had never told Loo of his nocturnal visit, rightly judging that it would only excite and frighten her, without doing the least possible good.

"No, we will not know them," said Mabel Travers, as she walked out of the room to come in collision with a gentleman who, like herself, was walking one way while his attention was distracted in another.

"I beg your pardon. I hope you are not hurt. Good Heavens, it is Aunt Mabel!" and the very man she was at that moment declaring she would not know grasped her hand, shook it warmly, and seemed as though, if they had not been in a public place, he would have embraced her.

Too much taken aback to be able to show coolness or a desire to be an utter stranger to him, Miss Travers allowed her hand to be warmly shaken, and a glance of recognition to appear in her face as she said:

"Herbert Dorset!"

"Yes," he exclaimed eagerly; "I asked my stepmother where you were, and she told me the last she heard of you was from Antwerp. I spent two whole days in roaming about that city in the hope of meeting you. But surely you are not here alone?" he went on, looking eagerly around, for Loo, seeing the thing she most dreaded occur, had turned back to the crowded table, thus hoping to escape observation.

"No ——" hesitated Miss Travers; "I am traveling with friends. I suppose you are alone—unless you are married."

"Married!" he repeated with a laugh; "no, not quite such an idiot, particularly in India; but I am not alone, Constance is with me. We have just stopped playing, having cleared a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds!" repeated the lady incredulously.

"Yes; broken the bank. Fun, isn't it? She never played before, and, if she'll take my advice, never will again. It is unwise to tempt the gods. But where are you staying, aunt? I must call upon you."

"Hotel de Flanders," she replied, glad on any terms to be rid of him, while he returned to Constance to help her to carry away their treasure.

"Five hundred each; not a bad morning's work," laughed the young man, as he smiled at the crowd that looked upon him and his companion with envy. "Come along, Conny," and in his exultation the thought of poor Loo and his desire to meet her passed out of his mind for the moment.

Oh, if she could only have gone away, have kept his eyes from ever gloating on her fair face again! But it was not to be. The relentless hand of fate has shown itself in making Mabel Travers do what she was protesting she would not, and poor Loo may well dread the future, which she cannot control. Truly, man proposes, and God disposes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"THE DARK AND THE LIGHT."—"Herbert Dorset!" exclaimed Miss Travers, taken by surprise. "Yes," he replied eagerly.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC and OPERATIC NOVELTIES

"OUR CLUB,"

a new and original comedy in three acts by F. C. Burnand, produced in the Strand Theatre, London, Eng., May 9, made a success, and gave every indication of a long and prosperous run. It is *not* a version of "Le Club," produced at the Vaudeville, Paris, in November last.

Let us briefly as possible tell the story of the piece. It opens in the Morning-room of the Eccentric Club, thus giving the author opportunity for sundry sly hits and for some little bits of satire, just sufficiently pungent to be enjoyable. Here is a specimen, which we stay to introduce. "Everything said in a club is regarded as sacred, and is never mentioned outside," remarks an old member to a lady visitor. "Oh, indeed!" is the reply. "I had no idea a club was so much like a church." There is a considerable amount of laughter to be extracted from that speech, and we present it to our readers as a bonne bouche. And now to make acquaintance with some of the members of "Our Club." They are Stanislas Radetski, an Englishman of Hungarian extraction, an artist and architect; Alfonzo Dubuison, a Frenchman, who has been long resident in England, who has an English wife, who is a poet and painter, and Hon. Secretary of the Eccentric Club; Henry Lennard, artist and actor; Dr. Stanmore, a retired physician, always hungry for *The Times*, and seldom able to get that hunger satisfied; and sundry other smaller fry, who help to add to the realism of the scene without attracting much of our attention. It is ladies' visiting day at the club, and the most amusing episode of the act springs from the curiosity of Mrs. Dubuison, who discovers that the club is like a post-office, that the members are continually receiving letters, and that it is just possible her husband, who is evidently anxious to see her off to the country by an early train, has his letters addressed there too. Her suspicions appear to be well founded, for the Frenchman is of an amorous disposition, and the sight of a letter addressed to him in a female hand sends him into the seventh heaven of delight. This time it turns out to be merely an inquiry as to the character of a late servant of the club named Henry; but the Frenchman finds consolation in the fact that the writer is a widow—perhaps young, pretty and susceptible; and, having ascertained the character wanted—a shocking bad one it is—he determines to take it himself to the applicant's. Way of the Priory, Mapleburst. Between Radetski and Henry Lennard some illfeeling has arisen consequent on the prompting by the former of a harsh bit of criticism on a picture by the latter. Unquestionably, it is annoying to an artist to read in a public print that his coloring looks like marmalade put on with a dinner-fork; and Lennard has taken the matter very seriously to heart. In his travels abroad he has met a certain Lady Crawford and, as she is among the visitors to the club, and he is anxious to avoid her, we readily guess that there have been something in the shape of love-passages between them. The lady, however, is anxious to know more of his character; she is going to stay with her friend Mrs. Wray, at Mapleburst, and there she hopes to hear from Lennard's best friend, Radetski, more of him than she knows already. Henry Lennard's sister is at Mapleburst working hard in Mrs. Wray's library; and, as he determines on paying her a visit, we find, as the curtain falls for the first time, three individuals eagerly scanning the time-table for an early train to Mapleburst. In the second act we are in Mrs. Wray's drawing-room—an interior affording evidence of liberal expenditure and great taste and care in the mounting of the comedy. We now get further into "Entanglement." Dubuison arrives, and by mistake sends in the card of Radetski, which he has placed among his own in his refractory card-case. It falls into the hands of Lady Crawford, who by him is mistaken for Mrs. Wray. She asks for particulars concerning "Henry," meaning, of course, Henry Lennard. He gives her the character of the dismissed waiter of the club; and consequently when Lennard, who, by the way, has just previously rescued her from a driving accident, returns to her as requested, she treats him with scorn and drives him from her presence, he imagining that her dark allusions refer to his connection with the stage. The calumnies heaped upon poor "Henry" by the Frenchman, who is supposed to be Radetski, are strengthened in her ladyship's mind, when Mrs. Wray's nephew, the Hon. Richard Frobisher, shows her a photograph in which Lennard is represented with his arm round the waist of the young lady whom we know to be his sister, and who, in her own name as Miss Gurdon, is employed in Mrs. Wray's library. Mrs. Dubuison has also been upon the scene, and her suspicions and jealousy have been excited by a peep at a volume of her husband's poems, which has been taken by Frobisher from Miss Gurdon's bag, and which bears a warm and affectionate superscription in the Frenchman's handwriting. Alarm and consternation seizing her when she discovers that the husband who has told her how quietly he meant to pass his evening is actually present in that house. There is a further complication in the fact that Radetski has come to get a peep at Miss Gurdon, whom he imagines to be Lady Crawford, and whom he has rescued from the big dog belonging to Richard Frobisher. The "Unravelling" takes place in "The Priory Ruins," the capital scene provided for the third and concluding act. There is a fiery interview between Lennard and Radetski, the former heaping the bitterest reproaches on the latter for the calumnies supposed to have been uttered concerning him to Lady Crawford. We need hardly say that the error is cleared away in the nick of time. Dubuisson escapes a "wigging" when it is found that his poems have been presented by Lennard to his sister, to whom he has given also part of an old letter written by the amorous Frenchman, she being an ardent collector of autographs; Lady Crawford and Henry Lennard rejoin hands and hearts, and closer now by the revelation that her ladyship was herself in times gone by a member of the theatrical profession. Radetski is rewarded by the smiles of the sister of his friend, and everybody is made happy with the exception of the modish little Frobisher, in whose troubles the audience find infinite delight.

The cast included J. G. Grahame as Radetski; W. H. Vernon, Lennard; M. Marius, Alphonse Dubuison; Henry Cox, Dr. Stanmore; W. S. Penley, Hon. Richard Frobisher; H. J. Turner, Club Steward; H. Carter, Tom Rippendale; Miss Ada Swanborough, Lady Crawford; Miss Lottie Venn, Mrs. Dubuison; Miss Thornton, Nellie Gurdon; Miss Maria Jones, Mrs. Wray; and Miss G. Williams, Polly.

PREMATURE ENDORSEMENT.—An old soldier, relating his experience at a temperance meeting in Iowa, said that at one time he got possession of two kegs of whiskey, took them to camp, put a faucet into one, and passed the whiskey round among the boys until they all got pretty full. About the time the keg was empty, he said, for a moment his conscience told him he was doing wrong. He picked up an axe and knocked the head of the other keg in, and—there he was interrupted by the deacon starting the cry of "Amen!" "Thank God!" "Glory be to God!"] After the house became quiet he continued: "I knocked in the head of that keg, gave the boys a tin cup, and told them to help themselves."

NO ESCAPE.—Philip Grace, an Arkansas murderer, was acquitted by a regular jury after a long trial. He found that he was not yet out of danger; for a mob seized him and hung him to a tree; but after the departure of the lynchers he was cut down and revived by a friend. He started for a hasty flight out of that neighborhood, but a son of the murdered man overtook and killed him.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE ROBIN WAS SINGING A SONG IN THE TREE.

BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

The robin was singing a song in the tree,
The blue-birds were twittering near,
The linnet re-echoed a beautiful glee
In notes that were mellow and clear;
The dew-laden daisies just over the lea
Had a kiss from the radiant sun,
When Jamie, my lover, came over to me
And brightened the heart he had won.

My Jamie was telling a tale of the sea,
His voyage to glittering lands,
The changes in life since my sailor and me
First grasped one another's brown hands;
He told of the fields and the hills far away,
The skies he

THE TURF.

PERALTO.

His Successful Ride of Three Hundred Miles.

Attempted under auspices much more favorable than upon the occasion of his recent essay at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, L. I., the Mexican rider Francisco Peralto, on Wednesday, May 22, accomplished the feat of riding three hundred and five miles in nearly half an hour less than the allotted time, fifteen hours. It will be remembered that his failure on Long Island was attributable to the bad condition of the track during the latter part of the afternoon, a fall of rain having rendered it heavy at a time when there was every prospect that the wiry, long-enduring, plucky rider would succeed in his task. The fact that, with this unavoidable and not to be overcome hindrance against him, he succeeded in riding the full distance in fifteen hours and ten minutes, made it certain that, with good weather and a good track, himself being in proper physical trim, Peralto could perform the arduous feat he had imposed upon himself, and those who have charge of his business arrangements secured Fleetwood Park, Morrisania, for the purpose of letting him have another try. It had originally been intended to make the attempt on Tuesday, May 21, but during the greater part of the twenty-four hours preceding rain fell, putting the track out of order, and a postponement until the 22d was necessary. The start was made at the early hour of 4 A. M., at which time the track was still heavy, but as the day advanced, and the sun shone forth bright and warm, the moisture was rapidly absorbed, and a good, stiff, southerly breeze springing up from the westward, the going was soon quite as good as could be desired. Carilla the Mexican (who attended to saddling the horses), three judges, a few members of the press, half a dozen stable-boys and a handful of others constituted the meagre assembly upon the grounds when the long race commenced, and at no time during the day were there more than a few hundred spectators present—a circumstance not to be wondered at when one takes into consideration the monotonous character of the performance, the fact that the charge for admission was fixed at just double the amount which should have been asked. In his race at Prospect Park Peralto had the use of thirty-two horses, but this time he was allowed forty, six of them being mustangs. He was attired in a neat-fitting costume of black, with a blue silk jockey cap, and wore gorgies, while his mouth was covered with a respirator. He changed horses at the end of every mile but once, dismounting and remounting with the loss of but a few seconds of time, and occasionally not dismounting at all, but leaping from the back of one horse to that of the next. He rode with great dash and determination, and the way in which he mastered refractory beasts at times called forth cheers from the spectators. He was always calm and self-possessed, and his presence of mind and resolution were exemplified in the one hundred and second mile, when the animal he bestrode exhibited a viciousness, and within a short distance of the stand wheeled about, and, striking the fence, fell; Peralto disengaged himself on the instant, jerked the animal to his feet, mounted him, and, despite the delay, accomplished the mile in good time. This was the only accident which befell the rider throughout the day. He continued to go round and round the track until the first one hundred miles were finished, at 5h. 32m., when, by the advice of his physician, Dr. John H. Eden, he rested nine minutes, during which time he took a small cup of cocoa and extract of beef. At the close of the 127th mile he halted again, resting twenty-four minutes, partaking of broiled chicken, soft-boiled eggs, toast and coffee. He accomplished half the journey in 7h. 11m. 8s., having thirty-six minutes to spare, and, resting not at all fatigued. He stopped again at the conclusion of 170 miles, being refreshed with a rubbing and exercise of understanding, and stopped a fourth time when 233 miles had been covered, resting nine minutes, when he indulged in some more cocoa and extract of beef. This was the last halt he made until the task was accomplished, the physician considering that, after he had taken a whiff of aromatic spirits of ammonia at the close of the 280th mile, he was good enough to go on until the end. The last mile was covered in 2m. 16s., and, to get away from the crowd which surrounded him at the finish, Peralto rode on for three quarters on the mare which last carried him round. The elapsed time was 14h. 31m., leaving him 29m. to spare. The quickest mile was the 203d, which was ridden in 2m., several others being done in 2:11, 2:12, 2:13, 2:14 and 2:15. The table below shows the actual time for every ten miles:

10..	24m.	24s.	120....	3h.	24m.	28s.	230....	10h.	33m.	00s.
20....	51	30	130....	4	17	30	240....	11	00	00
30....	1	21	00	140....	6	39	24	240....	11	28	00
40....	1	46	15	150....	7	07	30	250....	12	04	00
50....	2	11	50	160....	7	35	00	260....	12	39	00
60....	2	39	27	170....	8	00	00	270....	12	52	30
70....	3	05	24	180....	8	46	00	280....	13	26	00
80....	3	31	18	190....	9	12	30	290....	13	55	00
90....	3	57	18	200....	9	39	00	300....	14	18	00
100....	4	23	30	210....	10	05	00	305....	14	31	00
110....	4	50	19							

The last performed by Peralto was first essayed here by George Parker, at Fleetwood Park, May 18, 1876. Using thirty horses, he made one hundred miles in 4h. 26m. 41¼s., two hundred miles in 10h. 6m., and during twenty-six miles more he gave up the attempt, rain having greatly softened the track and added to the tax upon his physical powers. Jome 1 following Parker reattempted the feat at the same place, but made three hours more before, giving up, exhausted, after riding 216 miles. Peralto made his first public appearance here May 25, same year, at Fleetwood, attempting two hundred miles on horseback in four and fifty-five miles in seven hours. The he accomplished in 6h. 58m. 30s., having a minute and a half to spare. On June 10 following he essayed to ride one hundred and fifty miles in the same time, but broke down at Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, using twenty-five horses. He was successful, having ten minutes to spare. Peralto and Parker were members of a party of Mexican horsemen and rancheros who had been brought East by speculative gentlemen, who thought that the novelty of such outdoor entertainments would draw large crowds, and thereby put much money in their pockets; and so it did at first; but repeated failures, and a suspicion that there was a lack of earnestness on the part of the performers, finally helped them, so far as public interest in similar exhibitions given in Philadelphia, Boston and other cities during the Centennial year did not prove so profitable as the managers had anticipated, and were in consequence not so frequent as they otherwise would have been. Peralto next came prominently before the people of this city at Gilmore's Garden, where, on March 12, 13, 1877, he made an attempt to ride six hundred miles in fifty hours, but had to abandon it after doing four hundred and fifty-seven miles, the last of which was done in 2m. 12s. A few more exhibitions were given by him during the year, and he was once more brought conspicuously into notice by his ride at Prospect Park on May 4. The fact that, in spite of the discouragements he had to encounter, he succeeded, and so near to succeeding in his undertaking, convinced the public that he meant to win if he could have done so, and caused a larger attendance of paying spectators on the 22d than he had on the previous occasion. The achievement of Peralto stamps him as a man of iron nerve and very great enduring power, and is in every respect most creditable. But as an impression has gone abroad, partly owing to erroneous statements made by uninformed reporters for one or two of the city papers, that the performance is superior to anything ever before done of like nature, it becomes our province to undeceive the public mind by calling attention to the following records, which are the best for the distances named: Fifty miles, 3h., Joe Forest, ten horses, Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 8, 1876; sixty miles, 2h. 33m., and one hundred miles, 4h. 19m. 40s., George Osbaldiston, eleven horses, Newmarket, Eng., 1839; one hundred and fifty-five miles, 6h. 45m. 7s., John Murphy, twenty horses, N. Y. City, July 3, 1876; two hundred miles, 8h., and 300 miles, 14h. 9m., N. H. Mowry, thirty horses, San Francisco, Aug. 2, 1868.

THE LOUISVILLE RACES.
"Kentucky Derby."

The fourth annual Spring meeting of the Louisville Jockey Club was held last week, commencing on Tuesday, May 21, with fair weather, a track two seconds slower than it usually is, and a large attendance, the field being free to the public, who were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity to witness the decision of the great event, the Kentucky Derby. The initial event was a dash of a mile and a quarter, for all ages, $220 to first, $50 to second. The starters were C. Murphy's Ed Hanlon, 109lb.; King & Co.'s Lisbon, 110lb.; and Durham & Co.'s Dan K., 107lb. The favorite was Edinburg, who sold in the pools for $200, King William bringing $150, and Dan K. not finding anybody willing to put more than $100 on his chance. The result, however, was a severe blow to the betting fraternity. The favorite made the running at the start, King William being last to get fairly going, but he had reached the stand before the field had by Dan K. quickly lapping the leader. As they rounded into the backstretch he got upon even terms with Edinburg, the struggle between them being desperate, and too much for King William, who as they neared the head of Edinburg, and finally passed under the wire a length ahead, four lengths dividing second and third. Time, 2m. 13¼s. The second event was the fourth renewal of the Kentucky Derby, for three-year-old colts, $50 each, p. p., with $1,500 added, of which $300 to second, weight 100lb.; $6 subs., a mile and a half. There were nine starters, B. G. Thomas' Himyar being made as hot favorite as the betting rules would allow, selling for $100 against $10 for the field. Several essays were made before a start was effected, Day Star, a son of Star Davis, at once heading the batch, and leading them a very lively dance up to the stand, at which point he showed a gap of a couple of lengths, McHenry next, lapping whom came Respond and Leveler, the others being in a heap. Henry was now urged to do his best, and he responded as well as he could, soon getting up fourth at the quarter-pole; but as they sped along the backstretch Day Star made the pace still hotter, and going by the half-mile pole he led by four lengths, the favorite having by this time worked up to second position, with Leveler close up. Robinson, who bestrode Himyar, hurried him along, but, though the noble horse made a game effort, he was not equal to the task before him, and Day Star, running with resolute speed, landed himself first by two good lengths, Himyar being as far before Leveler, who was followed in succession by Solicitor, McHenry, Respond, Burgundy, Karl and Beaconsfield and Charley Bush. The time was 2m. 37¾s., being the quickest ever made in the race for the Derby. In 1875 it was won by Aristides in 2:37¾; in 1876 by Vagrant in 2:38¼; and in 1877 by Baden-Baden, in 2:38. The first mile was run in 1m. 43s., nearly three seconds less than Dan K. took to do the best mile of the preceding event. The winner first ran as a three-year-old at the Louisville Lexington meeting, when he won the Blue Ribbon Stake, same distance, in 2:40¾, defeating Leveler, Solicitor and others. The third land race of the day was a mile and a quarter, for all ages, purse $350, $80 of which to go to second horse. Five came to the post, viz.: Lisle & Co.'s Joe Rodes, 112lb.; J. A. Grinstead's Janet, 112lb.; W. Cargill's Adventure, 107lb.; O. Weil's Modesty, 100lb., and Bowen & Co.'s b. f. Belle Palmer. In the pools Adventure and Janet sold for $150 each, Belle Palmer $65, Joe Rodes $30, and Modesty $25. At the first quarter Adventure jumped away first, but was headed by Rodes at the turn, Janet following, lapped by the other pair. Janet came back at the quarter, Belle Palmer running up second, and Mollie McCann also getting in front of Grinstead's entry, who held the rear position until the finish, Rodes maintaining the lead throughout and finishing two lengths to the good, Adventure second, McCann third. Time, 2m. 45s. The result of the first heat had the effect of changing the betting, Rodes now selling for as much as all the others put together. Adventure obtained the lead at starting for the second heat, the favorite being last of the lot. As they went along the backstretch Janet showed second, and at the turn she collared him, the pair racing head and head until they got into the straight, when Weaver called upon Janet, and, going away from Adventure, she won cleverly by two lengths, the new favorite finishing third, the others distanced. Time, 2m. 43¾s., the fastest heat ever accomplished over this track. Garrick was second, six lengths in front of Belle, the rest beaten off. The Verna Stakes were won in 1874 by Brigand, in 1873 by Ray Final, in 1876 by Pera, in 1877 by Lucifer, the last named being also the property of George Lorillard. This was followed by a mile-and-a-quarter dash, for all ages, winner of Rancocas Handicap to carry $50 extra; $500 to first, $100 to second. Starters: Nelson & Co.'s Lady Salyers, 105lb.; G. Lorillard's Ralance All, 97lb.; Bowie's Catacaxy, 105lb.; P. Lorillard's Rienal, 97lb.; and Medlicott's Tom Bacon, 109lb. Lady Salyers was the favorite, and on the backstretch she took the lead from Balance All (who had wrested it from Tom Bacon), and retained it until the close without special effort, landing first money with a couple of lengths to spare; Rienal four lengths behind Balance All. Time, 2m. 15s. The Peyton Handicap, for four-year-olds, $30 each, half forfeit, with $250 added, $100 going to second, mile heats, had five starters, viz.: Astor's Preakness, 107lb.; Pope's Swannanoe, 91lb.; Bowie's Oriole, 102lb.; Dowell's Stranger, 93lb.; and Chabaugh's Kingsland, 95lb. Preakness the favorite, and Swannanoe sold even in the pools at $40, Oriole bringing $30, and the others $20 apiece. Kingsland behaved very badly, delaying the start, and when they were sent away he was left at the post. The favorites ran head-and-head until well into the backstretch, when Frederick the Great cut loose and won by two lengths, Swannance being but a neck before Stranger, who led Oriole a like distance. Time, 1m. 44¾s. Astor's entry now sold at 2 to 1 over the field. They went away evenly for the second heat, but at the quarter-pole Swannance had to fall back, the pace being too trying, and the favorite went on and won by half-a-dozen lengths, Stranger second, beating Oriole three lengths, Swannance distanced. Time, 1m. 45s. This race was won by Business in 1873, Artist in 1874, Piccolo in 1875, Ore Knob in 1876, and Outcast in 1877. The last race of the day was a steeplechase for all horses that had never won a steeplechase; $300 to first, $75 to second, $25 to third; about a mile and a half. Starters: Brown's Problem, 149lb.; Midgely's Dandy, 145lb.; Crouse's All Right, 145lb.; McGuire's New York, 154lb.; Medinger's Little Fellow, 155lb.; and Davis' Storm, aged. New York was the favorite, Dandy second choice. After a good, exciting race, in which nearly all of the horses had at some time, Problem won by a length, Dandy second, five lengths before All Right. Time, 3m. 8s. The races which were to have occurred on the 24th were postponed until the day following, on account of rain. See inside page for other days' racing.

BASEBALL.

HARVARD vs. PITTSFIELD.

Inability to hit Ernst, combined with a series of expensive errors, caused the defeat of the Pittsfield (Mass.) Club in a game with the Harvard nine, May 21. Ernst only made the only run they obtained, taking his first on a base-hit, stealing second, going to third on Dorgan's put-out at first, and being brought in by Ricker's hit.

HARVARD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	PITTSFIELD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hutchinson, ss	7	4	3	1	2	1	Hooper, c. f..	4	0	0	2	0	0
Tyng, c....	5	2	2	8	0	1	Annis, l. f....	4	0	1	3	0	0
Fessenden, c. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0	Smith, 2d b....	4	0	1	1	4	0
Ernst, p....	5	0	2	0	10	0	Brinham, 1b..	4	0	0	10	0	0
Holden, r. f..	5	0	0	0	0	0	Dorgan, r. f..	5	0	0	2	2	1
Wright, 1st b	4	0	1	10	0	0	Ricker, 2d b..	4	0	0	3	2	1
Latham, 2b..	4	1	0	1	2	0	Latham, 3b..	4	0	1	0	2	2
Howe, c. f..	4	1	0	2	0	2	Turbidy, s. s.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Nunn, s. s..	4	2	1	0	2	2	Burns, p....	3	0	0	0	6	0
Totals...	41	8	11	27	16	6	Totals...	35	1	3	27	14	9
Harvard.....	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	4—8				
Pittsfield.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1				

Earned runs—Harvard, 2; Pittsfield, 1. First base on errors—Harvard, 4; Pittsfield, 4. Umpire, G. F. White of Lowell. Time, 1h. 30m.

MANCHESTER vs. WORCESTER.

Getting only one base-hit off Leary, and not playing up to their standard in the field, the Worcester (Mass.) Club were, on May 21, badly whipped on their own grounds by the Manchesters. The latter started off with three runs in the opening inning, Coggswell securing his base on a wild throw by Gill, and Kelley and O'Rourke following with base-hits. This they added one in the second inning, O'Rourke's three-baser bringing in Snigg after two men were out.

MANCHTER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	WORCESTER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Coggswell, lb	5	1	1	11	0	0	Dwyer, l. f....	4	0	0	1	0	1
Kelley, c....	5	1	1	6	2	2	Moran, l. f..	4	0	0	1	1	0
O'Rourke, c. f	4	0	2	1	0	1	McGlynn, c.	4	0	1	5	0	0
Leary, p....	4	0	0	0	7	0	Farrell, 1st b.	4	0	0	10	0	0
Dailey, 2d b..	4	0	0	2	3	0	Flint, r. f....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Gill, 3d b....	4	0	0	3	7	2
Bowen, s. s..	5	0	0	3	3	0	Matthews, p.	3	0	0	0	0	7
Snigg, l. f..	4	1	1	1	0	0	Woodh'd, 3d b	4	0	0	1	2	0
Totals...	40	4	7	27	13	5	Totals...	34	0	1	27	20	8
Manchester.....	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—				
Worcester.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—				

Earned runs—Manchester, 1. First base on errors—Manchester, 4; Worcester, 1. Double-play—Mcrran and Lynch. Umpire, J. M. Kelley of Worcester. Time, 1h. 45m.

HOLYOKE vs. LOWELL.

Seldom is a more evenly played game witnessed than that in which the Massachusetts clubs named above participated at Holyoke, Mass., on Tuesday, May 21, although it was not at all pretty to look upon, the errors being about the first to show in front, securing a good lead, but going around the turn the others closed in upon him; and although he still led the quartet dashed into the homestretch, Verdict and Liahtunah were forcing him to his very best, a closing effort by the former on the last half of the stretch compelling Malacca to drop into second place, H. P. McGrath's Verdict winning by the same two lengths that Sargent's Malacca second, a length before Grinstead's Liahtunah: Monopoly, La Favorita, Florence B. and Vega followed in the order given. The time, 50s. seconds, a quarter second slower than the race was won in 1875, 1876 and 1877 by Lady Clipper, Classmate and Bergamot respectively. A selling race was next, for all ages, $250 to first, $50 to second; full weights, horses to be sold for $400 allowed 5lb for $750, 10lb for $500, and 14lb for $300; a mile and a quarter. Seven horses started, of which Short Line made the pace at the commencement, but his ascendency was brief in duration, Charley Gorham, Classmate and Joe Rodes quickly passing him in turn. The first-named was a half length in the van as they passed the stand, and afterwards, defying all efforts on the part of Classmate to reach him, Gorham ($500) won by a length from J. T. Williams' Classmate ($200), who led Rodes ($300) by a couple of lengths, Barry Betsy was fourth, Dr. Livingston fifth, Short Line sixth, and Transfer seventh. Time, 2m. 10¼s. The winner was sold to Philip Mendel jr. for $405. The final race of the afternoon was a mile dash, for all ages, purse $150, for which winners excluded. There were ten contestants, and the winner turned up in a horse who had sold in the field—J. E. Merrill's Warbler, at $75—thirty-six minutes to spare, and not at all fatigued. He stopped again at the conclusion of 170 miles, being refreshed with a rubbing and exercise of understanding, and stopped a fourth time when 233 miles had been covered, resting nine minutes, when he indulged in some more cocoa and extract of beef. This was the last halt he made until the task was accomplished, the physician considering that, after he had taken a whiff of aromatic spirits of ammonia at the close of the 280th mile, he was good enough to go on until the end. The last mile was covered in 2m. 16s., and, to get away from the crowd which surrounded him at the finish, Peralto rode on for three quarters on the mare which last carried him round. The elapsed time was 14h. 31m., leaving him 29m. to spare. The quickest mile was the 203d, which was ridden in 2m., several others being done in 2:11, 2:12, 2:13, 2:14 and 2:15. The table below shows the actual time for every ten miles:

10..	24m.	24s.	120....	3h.	24m.	28s.	230....	10h.	33m.	00s.
20....	51	30	130....	4	17	30	240....	11	00	00
30....	1	21	00	140....	6	39	24	240....	11	28	00
40....	1	46	15	150....	7	07	30	250....	12	04	00
50....	2	11	50	160....	7	35	00	260....	12	39	00
60....	2	39	27	170....	8	00	00	270....	12	52	30
70....	3	05	24	180....	8	46	00	280....	13	26	00
80....	3	31	18	190....	9	12	30	290....	13	55	00
90....	3	57	18	200....	9	39	00	300....	14	18	00
100....	4	23	30	210....	10	05	00	305....	14	31	00
110....	4	50	19								

The last performed by Peralto was first essayed here by George Parker, at Fleetwood Park, May 18, 1876. Using thirty horses, he made one hundred miles in 4h. 26m. 41¼s., two hundred miles in 10h. 6m., and during twenty-six miles more he gave up the attempt, rain having greatly softened the track and added to the tax upon his physical powers. June 1 following Parker reattempted the feat at the same place, but made three hours more before, giving up, exhausted, after riding 216 miles. Peralto made his first public appearance here May 25, same year, at Fleetwood, attempting two hundred miles on horseback in four and fifty-five miles in seven hours. The he accomplished in 6h. 58m. 30s., having a minute and a half to spare. On June 10 following he essayed to ride one hundred and fifty miles in the same time, but broke down at Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, using twenty-five horses. He was successful, having ten minutes to spare. Peralto and Parker were members of a party of Mexican horsemen and rancheros who had been brought East by speculative gentlemen, who thought that the novelty of such outdoor entertainments would draw large crowds, and thereby put much money in their pockets; and so it did at first; but repeated failures, and a suspicion that there was a lack of earnestness on the part of the performers, finally helped them, so far as public interest in similar exhibitions given in Philadelphia, Boston and other cities during the Centennial year did not prove so profitable as the managers had anticipated, and were in consequence not so frequent as they otherwise would have been. Peralto next came prominently before the people of this city at Gilmore's Garden, where, on March 12, 13, 1877, he made an attempt to ride six hundred miles in fifty hours, but had to abandon it after doing four hundred and fifty-seven miles, the last of which was done in 2m. 12s. A few more exhibitions were given by him during the year, and he was once more brought conspicuously into notice by his ride at Prospect Park on May 4. The fact that, in spite of the discouragements he had to encounter, he succeeded, and so near to succeeding in his undertaking, convinced the public that he meant to win if he could have done so, and caused a larger attendance of paying spectators on the 22d than he had on the previous occasion. The achievement of Peralto stamps him as a man of iron nerve and very great enduring power, and is in every respect most creditable. But as an impression has gone abroad, partly owing to erroneous statements made by uninformed reporters for one or two of the city papers, that the performance is superior to anything ever before done of like nature, it becomes our province to undeceive the public mind by calling attention to the following records, which are the best for the distances named: Fifty miles, 3h., Joe Forest, ten horses, Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 8, 1876; sixty miles, 2h. 33m., and one hundred miles, 4h. 19m. 40s., George Osbaldiston, eleven horses, Newmarket, Eng., 1839; one hundred and fifty-five miles, 6h. 45m. 7s., John Murphy, twenty horses, N. Y. City, July 3, 1876; two hundred miles, 8h., and 300 miles, 14h. 9m., N. H. Mowry, thirty horses, San Francisco, Aug. 2, 1868.

THE LOUISVILLE RACES.
"Kentucky Derby."

The fourth annual Spring meeting of the Louisville Jockey Club was held last week, commencing on Tuesday, May 21, with fair weather, a track two seconds slower than it usually is, and a large attendance, the field being free to the public, who were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity to witness the decision of the great event, the Kentucky Derby. The initial event was a dash of a mile and a quarter, for all ages, $220 to first, $50 to second. The starters were C. Murphy's Ed Hanlon, 109lb.; King & Co.'s Lisbon, 110lb.; and Durham & Co.'s Dan K., 107lb. The favorite was Edinburg, who sold in the pools for $200, King William bringing $150, and Dan K. not finding anybody willing to put more than $100 on his chance. The result, however, was a severe blow to the betting fraternity. The favorite made the running at the start, King William being last to get fairly going, but he had reached the stand before the field had by Dan K. quickly lapping the leader. As they rounded into the backstretch he got upon even terms with Edinburg, the struggle between them being desperate, and too much for King William, who as they neared the head of Edinburg, and finally passed under the wire a length ahead, four lengths dividing second and third. Time, 2m. 13¾s. The second event was the fourth renewal of the Kentucky Derby, for three-year-old colts, $50 each, p. p., with $1,500 added, of which $300 to second, weight 100lb.; $6 subs., a mile and a half. There were nine starters, B. G. Thomas' Himyar being made as hot favorite as the betting rules would allow, selling for $100 against $10 for the field. Several essays were made before a start was effected, Day Star, a son of Star Davis, at once heading the batch, and leading them a very lively dance up to the stand, at which point he showed a gap of a couple of lengths, McHenry next, lapping whom came Respond and Leveler, the others being in a heap. Henry was now urged to do his best, and he responded as well as he could, soon getting up fourth at the quarter-pole; but as they sped along the backstretch Day Star made the pace still hotter, and going by the half-mile pole he led by four lengths, the favorite having by this time worked up to second position, with Leveler close up. Robinson, who bestrode Himyar, hurried him along, but, though the noble horse made a game effort, he was not equal to the task before him, and Day Star, running with resolute speed, landed himself first by two good lengths, Himyar being as far before Leveler, who was followed in succession by Solicitor, McHenry, Respond, Burgundy, Karl and Beaconsfield and Charley Bush. The time was 2m. 37¾s., being the quickest ever made in the race for the Derby. In 1873 it was won by Aristides in 2:37¾; in 1876 by Vagrant in 2:38¼; and in 1877 by Baden-Baden, in 2:38. The first mile was run in 1m. 43s., nearly three seconds less than Dan K. took to do the best mile of the preceding event. The winner first ran as a three-year-old at the Louisville Lexington meeting, when he won the Blue Ribbon Stake, same distance, in 2:40¾, defeating Leveler, Solicitor and others. The third land race of the day was a mile and a quarter, for all ages, purse $350, $80 of which to go to second horse. Five came to the post, viz.: Lisle & Co.'s Joe Rodes, 112lb.; J. A. Grinstead's Janet, 112lb.; W. Cargill's Adventure, 107lb.; O. Weil's Modesty, 100lb., and Bowen & Co.'s b. f. Belle Palmer. In the pools Adventure and Janet sold for $150 each, Belle Palmer $65, Joe Rodes $30, and Modesty $25. At the first quarter Adventure jumped away first, but was headed by Rodes at the turn, Janet following, lapped by the other pair. Janet came back at the quarter, Belle Palmer running up second, and Mollie McCann also getting in front of Grinstead's entry, who held the rear position until the finish, Rodes maintaining the lead throughout and finishing two lengths to the good, Adventure second, McCann third. Time, 2m. 45s. The result of the first heat had the effect of changing the betting, Rodes now selling for as much as all the others put together. Adventure obtained the lead at starting for the second heat, the favorite being last of the lot. As they went along the backstretch Janet showed second, and at the turn she collared him, the pair racing head and head until they got into the straight, when Weaver called upon Janet, and, going away from Adventure, she won cleverly by two lengths, the new favorite finishing third, the others distanced. Time, 2m. 43¾s., the fastest heat ever accomplished over this track. Garrick was second, six lengths in front of Belle, the rest beaten off. The Verna Stakes were won in 1874 by Brigand, in 1873 by Ray Final, in 1876 by Pera, in 1877 by Lucifer, the last named being also the property of George Lorillard. This was followed by a mile-and-a-quarter dash, for all ages, winner of Rancocas Handicap to carry $5 extra; $500 to first, $100 to second. Starters: Nelson & Co.'s Lady Salyers, 105lb.; G. Lorillard's Ralance All, 97lb.; Bowie's Catacaxy, 105lb.; P. Lorillard's Rienal, 97lb.; and Medlicott's Tom Bacon, 109lb. Lady Salyers was the favorite, and on the backstretch she took the lead from Balance All (who had wrested it from Tom Bacon), and retained it until the close without special effort, landing first money with a couple of lengths to spare; Rienal four lengths behind Balance All. Time, 2m. 15s. The Peyton Handicap, for four-year-olds, $30 each, half forfeit, with $250 added, $100 going to second, mile heats, had five starters, viz.: Astor's Preakness, 107lb.; Pope's Swannanoe, 91lb.; Bowie's Oriole, 102lb.; Dowell's Stranger, 93lb.; and Chabaugh's Kingsland, 95lb. Preakness the favorite, and Swannanoe sold even in the pools at $40, Oriole bringing $30, and the others $20 apiece. Kingsland behaved very badly, delaying the start, and when they were sent away he was left at the post. The favorites ran head-and-head until well into the backstretch, when Frederick the Great cut loose and won by two lengths, Swannance being but a neck before Stranger, who led Oriole a like distance. Time, 1m. 44¾s. Astor's entry now sold at 2 to 1 over the field. They went away evenly for the second heat, but at the quarter-pole Swannance had to fall back, the pace being too trying, and the favorite went on and won by half-a-dozen lengths, Stranger second, beating Oriole three lengths, Swannance distanced. Time, 1m. 45s. This race was won by Business in 1873, Artist in 1874, Piccolo in 1875, Ore Knob in 1876, and Outcast in 1877. The last race of the day was a steeplechase for all horses that had never won a steeplechase; $300 to first, $75 to second, $25 to third; about a mile and a half. Starters: Brown's Problem, 149lb.; Midgely's Dandy, 145lb.; Crouse's All Right, 145lb.; McGuire's New York, 154lb.; Medinger's Little Fellow, 155lb.; and Davis' Storm, aged. New York was the favorite, Dandy second choice. After a good, exciting race, in which nearly all of the horses had at some time, Problem won by a length, Dandy second, five lengths before All Right. Time, 3m. 8s. The races which were to have occurred on the 24th were postponed until the day following, on account of rain. See inside page for other days' racing.

BASEBALL.

HARVARD vs. PITTSFIELD.

Inability to hit Ernst, combined with a series of expensive errors, caused the defeat of the Pittsfield (Mass.) Club in a game with the Harvard nine, May 21. Ernst only made the only run they obtained, taking his first on a base-hit, stealing second, going to third on Dorgan's put-out at first, and being brought in by Ricker's hit.

HARVARD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	PITTSFIELD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hutchinson, ss	7	4	3	1	2	1	Hooper, c. f..	4	0	0	2	0	0
Tyng, c....	5	2	2	8	0	1	Annis, l. f....	4	0	1	3	0	0
Fessenden, c. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0	Smith, 2d b....	4	0	1	1	4	0
Ernst, p....	5	0	2	0	10	0	Brinham, 1b..	4	0	0	10	0	0
Holden, r. f..	5	0	0	0	0	0	Dorgan, r. f..	5	0	0	2	2	1
Wright, 1st b	4	0	1	10	0	0	Ricker, 2d b..	4	0	0	3	2	1
Latham, 2b..	4	1	0	1	2	0	Latham, 3b..	4	0	1	0	2	2
Howe, c. f..	4	1	0	2	0	2	Turbidy, s. s.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Nunn, s. s..	4	2	1	0	2	2	Burns, p....	3	0	0	0	6	0
Totals...	41	8	11	27	16	6	Totals...	35	1	3	27	14	9
Harvard.....	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	4—8				
Pittsfield.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1				

Earned runs—Harvard, 2; Pittsfield, 1. First base on errors—Harvard, 4; Pittsfield, 4. Umpire, G. F. White of Lowell. Time, 1h. 30m.

MANCHESTER vs. WORCESTER.

Getting only one base-hit off Leary, and not playing up to their standard in the field, the Worcester (Mass.) Club were, on May 21, badly whipped on their own grounds by the Manchesters. The latter started off with three runs in the opening inning, Coggswell securing his base on a wild throw by Gill, and Kelley and O'Rourke following with base-hits. This they added one in the second inning, O'Rourke's three-baser bringing in Snigg after two men were out.

MANCHTER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	WORCESTER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Coggswell, lb	5	1	1	11	0	0	Dwyer, l. f....	4	0	0	1	0	1
Kelley, c....	5	1	1	6	2	2	Moran, l. f..	4	0	0	1	1	0
O'Rourke, c. f	4	0	2	1	0	1	McGlynn, c.	4	0	1	5	0	0
Leary, p....	4	0	0	0	7	0	Farrell, 1st b.	4	0	0	10	0	0
Dailey, 2d b..	4	0	0	2	3	0	Flint, r. f....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Gill, 3d b....	4	0	0	3	7	2
Bowen, s. s..	5	0	0	3	3	0	Matthews, p.	3	0	0	0	0	7
Snigg, l. f..	4	1	1	1	0	0	Woodh'd, 3d b	4	0	0	1	2	0
Totals...	40	4	7	27	13	5	Totals...	34	0	1	27	20	8
Manchester.....	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—				
Worcester.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—				

Earned runs—Manchester, 1. First base on errors—Manchester, 4; Worcester, 1. Double-play—Mcrran and Lynch. Umpire, J. M. Kelley of Worcester. Time,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must* be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending P. M., MONDAY, May 27.

LADIES' LIST.

Anderson, Mary
Allen, Lizzie Eloise
Allen, Mad. (glass blower)
Allen, Mrs. J. (of Allen Sisters)
Blitz, Mrs. Rosa
Brooks, Nellie (care Geo. Purtz)
Boshell, Louise (2) (c
Braddon, Annie
Burdell, Jennie 6c.
Berger, Anna Teresa
Benedict, Mrs. Dell
Brown, Mrs. Fannie
Bradley, Leanora (2)
Cartwert, Mrs. Minnie
Cummings, Minnie
Clifford, (of Alfred A. Irish)
Claxton, Mrs. H. McK.
Celeste, Belle
Conway, Lizzie
Clifton, Viola
Cole, Clara
Crabtree, Lotta
Ducios, Ninon
Davenport, Fannie
Dickson, Nellie & Belle
Delmay, Lu-lu
Duncan, Pearl
Drayton, Allie
De Lisle, Maude
Evans, Miss M. F.
Etra, Millie.
Elmore, Annie
Ellis, Hattie
Florence, Gertie
Fisher, Kate (actress)
Fenney, Clara (of E. Weathersby's Co.)
Forrester, Nellie
Fisher, Mrs. J. (p. o. m. London, Eng. 8c
Fox, Annie, (2 6c.
Fisher, Mrs. Emma
Freeman Sisters
French Twin Sisters
Foy Sisters
Franzini, Mad. A. (2)
Foster, Josie (vocalist)
Graham, Tillie
Gregg, Fannie
Goodman, Maria
Garrick, Eva
Garrettson, Fannie
Garnett, Mrs. Ida
Hall, Mrs. Harry
Harrison, Alice
Hanchett, Julia
Howard, Lillie
Harland, Rose (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Howard, Lou
Hopkins, Kittie
Herd, Celia
Irwin, Sisters
Jester, Mrs. Bessie W.
Jeal, Linda 6c.
Kane, Georgie
Kimberley, Bessie
Lindsey, Jennie
Lang, Ione
Lysle, Edith
Leonard, Adele
Lubbin, Sadie (of London Circus)
Leclede, Grace
Leon, Lillie (of Prado's Rondelet)
Marshall, Florence (2)
Morgan, Annie
Mortimer, Edith (3)
Morton, Mrs. J. W.
Murio, Louise

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aymar, W. T.
Austin, Chas. & Carrie
Arnold Bros.
Arrocco, Tony
Arnould, Carl
Aspinall, F. F.
Adams, Yank
Allen, Geo. (second) (2)
Atkins, Chas. M.
Adams, J. (of Camille Ursо's Co.)
Alcrup, P. S.
Antonio, Wash
Bourdwell, Warner
Borst, W. H.
Brown, J. B.
Bassett, Russell
Burton, W. C.
Blaisdell, Jno. W. (2)
Bray, W. H.
Brocks, Lew
Brown, Edwin
Barry, Dan (of Barry & Mack)
Barrett, Lawrence
Booth, Edwin
Boyd, ——— (of Boyd & Sarsfield)
Brick, E. H.
Byron, O. Doud
Bio-gertt, Wash
Barlow, Wilson, Prin. & West's Agt.
Bolter, Sam (with Comedy Co.)
"B. C. D." (2)
Brennan, R. A. & Mrs.
Brown, Col. T. A.
Brown, Taylor (of Georgia Minst.) 9c.
Bowron, W. L.
Byron, Fred
Buckley, Joe
Benton, Frank
Bunker, Ed.
Barbour, W. W.
Bryant, Neil
Barnum, P. T.
Creston Bros.
Crews, F. H. (musician)
Clifton, F. R.
Cleveland, Bob (2)
Campbell's Circus, Manager
Curry, Nelson
Cotton, (of Florence's Co.)
Crosby, Chas. J.
Cook, Woods (2)
Conrad, C.
Converse, F. B.
Cardello, Chas. (2)
Coney, Geo. W. (2)
Cotton, Ed.
Carter, J. Heneage
Chase, Wm. H.
Clark, Jas. (banjo player)
Carroll, Wm.
Charles, J. Madison
Cobb, Willis
Cook, L.
Cincinnatus & Hogan (2)
Curley, John
Clark, Lew
Coup, Geo. W.
Campbell, Frank
Cummings, Jas. H.
Ducrow, Tote
Dupres, C. H. (2)
Dashington, Jerry
Dare, Mark
Davis, J. E.
Davenport Bros.
Delehanty & Heng ler (2)
Dickinson, H. A.
Delehanty, W. H.
Darling, Harry R. (2)
Dibdo, ——— (of Robbins' Circus)
De Haven, Claude
Dunbar, Geo. (show "fat")
Donovan, Mike
Doty, J. Arthur
"D. W. S."
Deadie, Geo. J.
De Forest, Alt.
Duncan, Chas. (of Shelby's, Buffalo)
D'Arcy, Frank
Evens, Geo (artist)
Erwin, Wm. (of Hoyle's Circus)
Fordham, J. B.
Edwards, F. (of Van Amburgh's Circus)
Eytinge, Harry
Ellis, Fred
Fostelle, Chas. (3)
Forbes, Chas.
Fontanagh, Adam
Fields & Leslie
Fox, W. H. (comique)
Foote, Wm. (2)
Fritz, E. B.
Farini, A. (2) 14c.
Frake, W. H. (manager)
Franokum, G. W.
Fagan & Fenton
Frizzell, Chas. T.
Froman, Geo. A.
Fields, Richd. (of Barnum's Circus)
Frame, Frank
French, Edwin (banjoist)
Gessley, Prof. S.
Gorman, E. J.
Gardiner, F. W.
Green, J. E.
Gerson, Edman
Gotthold, E. (2)
Goodrich, N. C. (2)
Gaines, Maurice C.
Goodrich, E. T.
Garland, Jos. (vocalist) (2)
Gray, Wm. W.
Howe, Pres H.
Healey, J. E.
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Bros.)
Harris, John (banjo-joist)
Hamilton, Wiley
Harland, Paul
Harris, W. C. (of Georgia Minstrels)
Hayden, Wm. (agent)
Hayle, Wm. (clogging. c.
Henderson, Al.
Huntley, W. A. (banjoist)
Hertzogg, Dan'l.
Hilmer, W. (of Hulines & Leo)
Hussey, Frank (2)
Hyer, E. J.
Hendrickson, Al.
Hunting & Hamilton's Circus
Hyams, Nat
Hall, Hiram
Howard, Frank (of Color Guard)
Harris & Carroll
Hooper, Wm. (of Red Stocking Minst.)
Howard, C. L. (of D. Thompson's Co.)
Hodges, Thos. C. (Sc
Hoberts, A. D. (of Rice's Circus)
Jukes, W. L.
Jones, Robt.
"Journalist"
Johnson, J. C. (of Johnson & Powers)
Jennings, Harry
Kirk, R. F. (of Kirk & Drew)
Knapp, P. B.
Kelley, J. D. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Keens, A. (of Kendall's Comb.)
Kelly & Nean
Kendall, H. A. (2)
Keeshin, C. H.
Lewis, Frank
Leland, Mat
Levit, Harry
Lipman, Al
Leo, Master (musical clog "Dutz")
Lemay, Jos.
Lorella, John
Lucca, A. A.
Lee, Tony
Leavitt, A. J.
Linden, Ernest
Little, J. C.
Lennox, Geo. J. (2)
Lockhart, — (one arm man)
Linton, Guy
Lee, Bob & Tony
Lee, J. H.
Lennon, Chas. (2)
Little, Chas. (of London Circus)
Lorella, J. C.
Lowe, Ike
Lingard, W. H.
Lister, E. B. (musician)
Lewis, M. B.
Mitchell, W. H. (of Rentz's Minst.)
Maguire, Frank B.
Montaldo, Chas.
Mack, Johnny
Morgan, W. A.
Makin, C. (of Di Murska's Co.)
Morton, Harry & Blanche
Mason, Dan
Marks & McKeon
Mackenzie, A. (of Delsa & Irving Co.)
Murphy & Morton
Mackay, J. J.
Mackay, A. (of Ada Richmond's Co.)
Mullen, J. (of Mullen & Magee) (3)
Maxwell & Carroll
Morse, J. T. (2)
Magee, C. (of Mullen & Magee)
McGann, Billy (of Healy's Co.)
McWade, Robt.
Murphy, Con
McGill, ——— (of McGill & Strong)
Murray, T. (of Thompson's Circus)
Marsh, W. E.
Moran, Frank
Mcgloine, Pete
Morton, Mr. (of Seaman & Morton)
Murray, John (comedian)
Mulligan, R. (of Milligan & Weaver (2)
Morton, Will H.
Mortimer, G. A.
Mack, J. (of Worden & Mack)
Morse, Harry
Moreland, Harry
McNish, Frank
Mack, J. W.
Morrison, Prof.
Moxey, Lew
McSorley, T. E.
Milligan, Robt.
Melwin, Chas.
Mortons, The
Mack, J. H. (of Emerson's Minst.)
Mortshunt, Frank
Miller, Mrs. Thos. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Morris-Harriott, Clara
Mallon, Mrs. Kate
Mayo, Ella (2)
McDonald, F. (of McDonald Sisters)
Mansfield, Alice (2)
Norwood, Marian L.
Nelson, Maude
Norris, Mrs. Chas.
Pomeroy, Louise
Paull, J. Arthur
Pendy, Mrs. J.
Prestige, Fannie
Ransom, Alice
Rainford, Minnie 6c.
Robeson, Erba
Rinehart, Mad.
Rainford, Alice (2)
Robinson, Mrs. Harry
Rowell, Kittie 6c.
Stetson, Louisa
Starr, Susie
Smithson, Georgina (3)
St. Felix, Clementine
Sothern, Jennie
Sommers, Alice
Tiffany, Annie Ward
Thompson, Lillian
Thomas, Carrie
Vickers, Sadie
Von Stammwitz, Elizabeth
Vaughn, Mary
Whitlin, Mrs.
Wentworth, Carrie
Wood, Carrie
Walters, Lena
Weston, Maggie
Yeamans, Jennie
McIntosh, Thos. (of Georgia Minst.)
Moulton, Jas. G.
Mitchell, W. H. (p. o. m. Dublin, Irel.)
Murphy, Jos. (of Kerry Gow Co.)
Milligan, Robt.
Noonan & Alice Ransom, Milly
Nixon, Jas. M.
Nicholls, R. Hamilton
Nobles, Milton
O'Brien, Fred (of Robbins' Circus)
O'Lynn, Bryan
Ogden, J. E.
Orrin Bros.
Phillips, H. (of K. Claxton's Co.)
Primrose, Geo. H.
Plattner, Hiram
Peters, Gus
Plunkett, Percy
Pryor, E. J.
Percy, Harry (of B. W. P. & W. Minst.)
Palmer, John
Pastor, Tony
Pico, Conical
Petrie, W. O.
Purvis, W. A.
Pals, C. A. (agent)
Pelanto, Thos.
Ryse, Ellis
Ross, W. (of Red Stocking Minst.)
Raper, S. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Rosenbaum, E.
Roberts, A. D.
Rowe, Mr. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Rose, B. V.
Russell, R. (of Russell & Mack)
Russell, F. P.
Rhodes, Wm. B.
Rankin, McKee
Rogers, Loraine
Robinson, Harry
Rowell, Kittie 6c.
Smith, Robt. P.
Stevenson, Mr. (of H. B. Chanfrau)
Stanhope, Wm.
Soggs-Bassett, Russell
Simon, J. A. (manager)
Simpson, Ellis (vocalist)
Smith, P. K.
Smith, Shirley 6c.
Sherman, W. H.
Seaman & Somers
Stanley, Ernest (2) 3c.
Smith, Ferd. K. (2)
Sweatman, Billy
Squires, Louis
Sullivan, P. J.
Sheridan, J. F. (2)
Sheridan, Jas.
Sherman, Jerome W. (2)
Sanderson, H.
Seeley, Chas. (2)
Snow Bros.
Strickland, W. H.
Stetson, H. (of Gaylor's Co.)
Shay, Johnny (with Dobson Bros.)
Stowe, W. H.
Slaughter, W. H.
Sanders, Billy (late of "Dutch 4")
Swonsbourne, Chas (2)
Sperra, Henry E.
Stevens, John A.
Sheridan Bros.
Springer, Andy
Stanley, W. H. (vocalist) 20c.
Stetson, E. T.
Tobin, Prof. T. W.
Thompson, W. (of 4 Coons)
Templeton, John
Thayer, Dr. J. L. (2)
Tracy, Dan (Irish comique)
Thorn, Frank 6c.
Turner, Nedcliown)
Taylor, J. B. (banjoist)
Titus, Fred. W. (leader)
Talbott, A. J.
Taylor, A. C. (pianist)
Taylor, Jas. (of Janauschek's Co.)
Thompson, John ("On Hand")
Turner, Tommy (banjoist)
Thompson, Denman
Vivian, Chas.
Warwick, L. H.
Webb's Tennessee Minstrels
Wallack, J. H.
Weston, H. G. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Wilson, Jas. (candy "biz")
Washburn, E. S.
Webb, Albert
Wingfield, John
Wilding, W. H. (2)
Watson, Fred
Willis, Frank E.
Wagner, Cal
Wilson, Harrison
Williams, Claude
Williams, of Sells Bros. Circus; Charley J. Cromwell; Carrie Thomas, of Sullivan's Combination; Maude De Lisle, actress; and John Cleveland, of Adelphi Theatre.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Wheeling (W. Va.) Post-office for Clark Gibbs, Lew Seymour, Billy Smith, Sidney Smith, Julia Hanchett, and Henry Lonsdale of Henry V Co.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, May 27, '78.

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaimed it a hunting morning," yesterday; and the hunting took the shape of expeditions to cool retreats in the suburbs of the great city, and excursions of various kinds upon the "noble Hudson," and through the majestic Sound. Coney Island was a strong point of attraction, thousands of our wicked and suffering and weary workers making their way by land and water to the sandy beach and juvenile tidal waves of this popular Summer resort. It's so easy to get there, so easy to stay there, and so hard to get away when once there, to tear yourself from the enjoyment of the succulent clams, without which Coney Island would be minus one of its greatest auxiliaries. Truly the closing Sabbath of May was a gala day for the inhabitants of Gotham, and joy and gladness reigned supreme.....About this time the increasing piety of amusement managers shows itself in a marked degree in the inauguration of the Summer nights' sacred concerts, and the celestial music that makes up their programmes. Several new conservatories were thrown open to the piously-inclined habitues last evening, among which may be noted Aimee's offering at the Park Theatre, when the solemn bouffe prima-donna sang "She's Just a Sweet Bouquet" and "Pretty as a Picture" to the enthusiastic delight of her congregation. Brothers Poole & Donnelly threw open the doors of their Grand Opera-house to the many who love to hear "These Sabbath Bells," and Levy's brassy boisterousness evoked from his tried and trusty cornet. To the east of us, to the north of us, to the west and to the south of us the same disposition to sustain our sacred managers was manifested, and no section of the metropolis was deprived of those choice bits which—if not exactly in accordance with Watt's hymns or the Psalms of David, served to entertain if not instruct the worshipers at each unsacred shrine.....The past week was not productive of great pecuniary results to our managers if we except those of the Grand Opera-house, Tony Pastor's Opera-house, and Miner's houses on the Bowery slope. At those places the crush was joyful, and the managerial eye wept in gratitude for what the good people of this city were doing for them. These successful houses are run on the popular-price scheme. The high-toned caravanseries received but feeble support, and one by one are dropping out and closing "the regular season," ere yet the fragrant rose of June have bloomed in all their fullness and beauty.....Eastward the stars of Empire wend their way. Another deputation of dramatic and musical celebrities took their departure from our shores during the week just closed. They go to Europe to do the Paris Exposition and the continent, returning to us with the incoming tides of August, with the prestige of having accomplished the object of their mission, and with the sweet-scented aroma of Parisian exotics still clinging to them. Who shall envy our friends this brief respite from the cares and anxieties of their professional labors? Marry, not one, an' we all be clothed in our right minds, etcetera.....An enterprising correspondent, with a watchful eye for the possibilities, inquires whether, in the event of the North Pole being discovered by any of the many exploring troupes preparing for their northern campaign, it would be feasible for a first-class troupe of blondes to undertake the voyage and meet with success in those high northern latitudes. We might say that, to the average company of blondes or parti-colored-stocking-campaigners nothing is impossible, although they might find it more conducive to their comfort to appear in the bear skin peculiar to that region rather than in their own. Such a change, we admit, would detract from the natural charm of our blondes and brunettes; but, be it remembered, that in the bright lexicon of our youth there is no such word as fail. ["Our Jim" very sagaciously volunteers the remark that "Menny a blond mite turn into a *brute et* afore the sho was dun!"].....Whenever we hear a pianist jerking forte strains from his instrument it reminds us of the play of "As You Like It," because of its *touch lose!*.....As we desire the complete enjoyment of our friends contemplating the European trip, we would kindly suggest that *return* tickets be purchased before embarking for a foreign shore! Paste it in your hat!.....The dreadful Jim being in a jocular mood this morning, we kindly give place to the following lines, composed by him, bearing the quaint title

WICH is HOOM?

Miss Maggy M. is charmin',
I've often sed so afore.
(Now, yu don't know, old smarty,
Whether I mean *Mitchell* or *Moore*?)

.....The Coney Island Aquarium is to be opened for the Summer season some time this week. That may account for the scarcity of fishes at the New York Aquarium. The Broncho Horses are to be a chief attraction at the Coney Island place, a sort of innovation on the legitimate sea-horses.....What's the matter with Kellogg and Cary? We've heard nothing concerning their alleged quarrel for several days. Surely, we are not to be deprived altogether of our belligerent bulletins. The people should have something to say as to a cessation of hostilities between those harmonious warblers....In another column a card announces for sale a pair of living French poodle-dogs, twins, born without fore-legs! "Our Jim" can't see into it. He says if they can't raise four legs between them, how many can they put down, and how will they manage to get along. [The lad is now puzzling himself over this, to him, difficult problem of poodle-life, which he proposes to master before lunch-time.—ED.].....And talking of canines reminds us of the following "interlude," which we overheard at the recent dog-exhibition, which was called bench show for short:

First Man—What's that feller runnin' round so for?

Second Man—I don't see no man running round a sofa.

First Man—I don't mean that. What's he making such a fuss about?

Second Man—Oh! Why his wife's got hysteria!

First Man—Got *his terrier?* Why don't he *make* hergive it up? [Drunk standing.—ED.]

.....Montague the pretty boy is to have a benefit at *Booth's* Theatre next Monday. Now, how's this? Has Wallack played Monty for all he's worth? Farewell benefit, too. *Mere* mystery.....Ah well, let us hope that he may fare well with a house full of paid-up patrons.....The coaching parade on Saturday was a free show, and, consequently, it was witnessed by thousands of the elite and fashion of society along Fifth avenue. The route laid out was strictly followed, and the pageant attracted much attention all along the line. We were present at the termination of the procession in front of the Brunswick, where the coaches unloaded. We had been curious as to the manner our noble dames would descend from their perilous perch, and our curiosity was gratified on this occasion—they came down crab fashion—that is, backward; their cavaliers standing gallantly by to steady the precious freight. This was the only thing that knocked the romance out of the display, which was a grand show, and, with a martial and lively band at the head of the caravan, it would have compared favorably with our best circus pageants!.....No, James; Mr. Emmet's "*Wake Out!*" did not refer to Boucicault's "Shaughraun" when one of its best scenes was omitted. Not *egg*-nactly!.....And this reminds us that we ought to notify the public that Boucicault's alleged steam-yacht is not intended for pleasure purposes as reported. Oh, no; Dr. Lathrop of Boston has a barge which he intends to devote to such purposes, giving entertainments up and down the Hudson River.....Let's see—Mary Anderson sails for Europe this week. Now, then, don't let her waste her time over there in hunting up the house in which Garrick died, or that from which Mrs. Siddons made her exit. She dreads it enough as it is, we're proved, or she will not be able to repeat her successes of the past season. *You'll* see! Go to Paris. Watch the French actors. Get an eye full of this one, another eye full of that one, and so on through the entire gamut. Mary Anderson, look out for yourself. We have said.....If you want to see sights without any charge for admission, take a ramble through our city parks, and behold! Let's make rhymes.

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.....Does Theodore Thomas expect to get the people on a string at Gilmore's Garden with his light artillery? For such a mammoth place as that, there should be a monster *brass* band! Fiddles and flutes, and such-like instruments have no chance there; their tones are lost before they have reached the gods up there. Certainly made there the menagerie was there it required a good ear to hear the lion's roar at the other end of the house. Theodore, you had better box up your fiddles and jewsharps and flageolets and get out the trombones and ophicleides and cornets. This is *sound* judgment, Theodore, and you will do well to act upon our advice.....In this connection we ought to remark that Gilmore's season will open June 1 for the Summer at Coney Island. Between the great cornettist and old Boreas there will be some heavy blowing down there.....It were better, yea, far better, had Adelaide Lennox omitted that lecture. Now that it is too late, she probably realizes the error she has committed. Let us deal gently with our fellow-mortals. Propose not a game of "Brooklyn, matinee of May 29, for the benefit of C. D. Hess.....Michael Brand's Cincinnati Orchestra gave the first of a series of Summer concerts at the Highland House Belvedere, that city, May 24.....Benjamin W. Hitchcock, who has conceived many an amusement enterprise, from a baby-show to a "Congress of Beauty," was placed in Ludlow street jail on the instance of Jeremiah Long, who is his judgment-creditor to the extent of $518.05. On May 24 Hitchcock paid $100, and was discharged by Judge J. F. Daly as a poor debtor. He had testified that his wearing apparel and a two-dollar trunk were his sole property.....The Beethoven Choral Society gave their second public rehearsal at St. Paul's Church, Harlem, this city, on May 22, under their leader, George F. Bristow.....Shirley Hicks, the actor was found wandering in the vicinity of Harlem Bridge, this city, on the night of May 25, and was taken to the Ninety-sixth-street Hospital. He became insane last Summer, and latterly has been residing with his parents at One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street and the Southern Boulevard.....M Faure the baritone has been made a Knight of the Order of Francis Joseph of Austria and singer to the Court.....*Prof.* Joseph Hiermann the magician, accompanied by his wife, sailed for Liverpool in the steamer Egypt on May 25. He returns next Autumn, and in September will reappear in this city.....The story going the rounds that Hugh Fay the variety comedian had shot Michael Dadey, Superintendent of sewers in the Brooklyn City-works Department, seems to be set at rest by Dadey himself, who states that he knows Fay well, and that his wife never has, but never seen Fay, and adds that, though he is in hospital suffering from an injury he received in his boyhood, he has never been shot by anybody.....Gounod's Mass of the Sacred Heart is to be performed for the first time at St. Stephen's Church, this city, on Sunday night, June 9, by Annie T. Borie, Agatha Munier, H. R. Romeyn, Eugene Fudin, Herman Braun and Dr. E. Austen Peace, with Henry J. Thunder as organist, and Adolph Diller, Wiegand, Schlig and Bowen as a horn quartet.....Miss Marianna Menzies, a pupil of Miss Fanny Hunt, is shortly to make her debut at Chickering Hall.....Signorina Torriani, who co-operated were Miss Marion Lamar and Hamilton Harris..... Miss Fanny Davenport, who sails for London in a few days, will return in time to open the season in this city in "Lady Wills' "Olivia," founded in slight part upon "The Vicar of Wakefield." Such is at least her present intention.....Among the rumors that need verification is one that attributes to Dan Bryant the intention of opening the old theatre in Twenty-fourth street, at which Robert Heller has recently closed.....An overdue gas-bill closed the Olympic Theatre, this city, on May 22. There were also salaries overdue, a season in this city, and adversity, by the aid of strategy and his army of stablemen, succeeded in removing all property of his that could possibly be converted into salaries. He still holds the lease, which has several years to run.....Dion Boucicault was in town on May 25, and with a young tragic actress occupied a box at Wallack's Theatre. There was another Boucicault-party that night, and between the two boxes the eyes of the "gallery gods" had a feast.....Mrs. Edwin Adams proposes to let her late husband's residence at Long Branch, N. J., for the Summer.

CITY SUMMARY.

ALTHOUGH BOOTH'S THEATRE was by no means full on Friday night last, when F. B. Warde had his benefit, yet there was a very good attendance, the orchestra seats being nearly all occupied, while the upper circle was pretty comfortably filled, and the gods up there certainly made themselves heard, if they were not seen. They were enthusiastic in their demonstrations over Warde and McCullough, and Milnes Levick came in for a good share of their applause. "Julius Cæsar" was the play, and it was tolerably well acted on the whole. It was not an even performance, and yet, for a company gathered "for one night only," they did as well as could be expected. Of course to pass the Summer at Coney Island. Between the great cornettist and old Boreas there will be some heavy blowing down there.....It were better, yea, far better, had Adelaide Lennox omitted that lecture. Now that it is too late, she probably realizes the error she has committed. Let us deal gently with our fellow-mortals. Propose not a game of "Brooklyn, matinee of May 29, for the benefit of C. D. Hess.....Michael Brand's Cincinnati Orchestra gave the first of a series of Summer concerts at the Highland House Belvedere, that city, May 24.....Benjamin W. Hitchcock, who has conceived many an amusement enterprise, from a baby-show to a "Congress of Beauty," was placed in Ludlow street jail on the instance of Jeremiah Long, who is his judgment-creditor to the extent of $518.05. On May 24 Hitchcock paid $100, and was discharged by Judge J. F. Daly as a poor debtor. He had testified that his wearing apparel and a two-dollar trunk were his sole property.....The Beethoven Choral Society gave their second public rehearsal at St. Paul's Church, Harlem, this city, on May 22, under their leader, George F. Bristow.....Shirley Hicks, the actor was found wandering in the vicinity of Harlem Bridge, this city, on the night of May 25, and was taken to the Ninety-sixth-street Hospital. He became insane last Summer, and latterly has been residing with his parents at One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street and the Southern Boulevard.....M Faure the baritone has been made a Knight of the Order of Francis Joseph of Austria and singer to the Court.....*Prof.* Joseph Hiermann the magician, accompanied by his wife, sailed for Liverpool in the steamer Egypt on May 25. He returns next Autumn, and in September will reappear in this city.....The story going the rounds that Hugh Fay the variety comedian had shot Michael Dadey, Superintendent of sewers in the Brooklyn City-works Department, seems to be set at rest by Dadey himself, who states that he knows Fay well, and that his wife never has, but never seen Fay, and adds that, though he is in hospital suffering from an injury he received in his boyhood, he has never been shot by anybody.....Gounod's Mass of the Sacred Heart is to be performed for the first time at St. Stephen's Church, this city, on Sunday night, June 9, by Annie T. Borie, Agatha Munier, H. R. Romeyn, Eugene Fudin, Herman Braun and Dr. E. Austen Peace, with Henry J. Thunder as organist, and Adolph Diller, Wiegand, Schlig and Bowen as a horn quartet.....Miss Marianna Menzies, a pupil of Miss Fanny Hunt, is shortly to make her debut at Chickering Hall.....Signorina Torriani, who co-operated were Miss Marion Lamar and Hamilton Harris..... Miss Fanny Davenport, who sails for London in a few days, will return in time to open the season in this city in "Lady Wills' "Olivia," founded in slight part upon "The Vicar of Wakefield." Such is at least her present intention.....Among the rumors that need verification is one that attributes to Dan Bryant the intention of opening the old theatre in Twenty-fourth street, at which Robert Heller has recently closed.....An overdue gas-bill closed the Olympic Theatre, this city, on May 22. There were also salaries overdue, a season in this city, and adversity, by the aid of strategy and his army of stablemen, succeeded in removing all property of his that could possibly be converted into salaries. He still holds the lease, which has several years to run.....Dion Boucicault was in town on May 25, and with a young tragic actress occupied a box at Wallack's Theatre. There was another Boucicault-party that night, and between the two boxes the eyes of the "gallery gods" had a feast.....Mrs. Edwin Adams proposes to let her late husband's residence at Long Branch, N. J., for the Summer.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

After completing his San Francisco engagement, Lawrence Barrett will return East and pass the Summer at Cohasset, Mass.....Although not announced on the programme, yet George Vandenhoff gave recitations at Steinway Hall, this city, May 20, for the benefit of Mrs. J. H. Hackett.....Miss Maud Hilton has been lying seriously ill at her residence, Hyde Park, Mass.....It is more than probable that M. J. Pendleton will be absent from the stage next season.....One of the reindeer used in Tompkins & Hill's "Exiles" fell overboard from the steamer Gen Whitney on May 18, at Boston, Mass., and broke a leg. It was subsequently shot by a police officer. Tompkins & Hill valued it at $1,000.....Prof. Henri Weber, composer and teacher of music, died in Nashville, Tenn., May 17.....Miss Carrie Duempleman, formerly of Buffalo, made her first appearance in public as a piano player on the occasion of the recent concert of the Rochester (N. Y.) Liedertafel.....P. F. Lynott, well-known baritone of Scranton, Pa., was married at Ecky, Pa., on May 16 to Miss M. A. Fallbeer, sister of the officiating clergyman, Rev. J. Fallbeer.....The oratorio of "Esther" is to be given at the Opera-house, Utica, N. Y., May 28, 29.....Mrs. Alice Oates, during the performance of "Giroffe-Giroffa" on Friday evening last at the Auburn (N. Y.) Opera-house, lost a solitaire valued by her at $1,000. After the opera was over it was found in the folds of a carpet.....Dion Boucicault on May 24 entered into a contract with Ward, Stanton & Co. of Newburg, N. Y., who are to build for him a steam yacht larger than any now in our waters, and to cost in its entirety nearly $100,000.....Jacob Aberle, proprietor of the Volksgarten, was indicted on May 20 for allowing little Bertie Reinhardt to appear upon the stage, and for not stretching a net under Eurardo, trapeze performer.....Jerome Hopkins gave one of his "piano-lecture-concerts" in New Haven, Ct., May 21.....Miss Clara Cowper, daughter of John C. Cowper, will return to this country shortly from England, having recovered her health.....At the Royal Italian Opera, London, on May 7, Mlle. Bettini brought about the effect of the shepherd song in "Tannhauser" by introducing two goats, which, contrary to her expectation, kept up a continual bleating while she was singing.....J. H. Haverly, manager, has returned East from San Francisco.....Round the coast of the island of Ceylon, in the Indian Ocean, may be found musical fish. Their song—if it can be called a song—is not one sustained note like a bull's bellow, but a rapid succession of musical sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, something like the vibrations of a wineglass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. In the harbor of Bombay there is another species of fish remarkable for its musical purposes as well. Oh, no; Dr. Lathrop of Boston has a barge which he intends to devote to such purposes, giving entertainments up and down the Hudson River.....Let's see—Mary Anderson sails for Europe this week. Now, then, don't let her waste her time over there in hunting up the house in which Garrick died, or that from which Mrs. Siddons made her exit. She dreads it enough as it is, we're proved, or she will not be able to repeat her successes of the past season. *You'll* see! Go to Paris. Watch the French actors. Get an eye full of this one, another eye full of that one, and so on through the entire gamut. Mary Anderson, look out for yourself. We have said.....If you want to see sights without any charge for admission, take a ramble through our city parks, and behold! Let's make rhymes.

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In the very darkest corners of the benches in the Park!

.....Does Theodore Thomas expect to get the people on a string at Gilmore's Garden with his light artillery? For such a mammoth place as that, there should be a monster *brass* band! Fiddles and flutes, and such-like instruments have no chance there; their tones are lost before they have reached the gods up there. Certainly made there the menagerie was there it required a good ear to hear the lion's roar at the other end of the house. Theodore, you had better box up your fiddles and jewsharps and flageolets and get out the trombones and ophicleides and cornets. This is *sound* judgment, Theodore, and you will do well to act upon our advice.....In this connection we ought to remark that Gilmore's season will open June 1 for the Summer at Coney Island. Between the great cornettist and old Boreas there will be some heavy blowing down there.....It were better, yea, far better, had Adelaide Lennox omitted that lecture. Now that it is too late, she probably realizes the error she has committed. Let us deal gently with our fellow-mortals. Propose not a game of "Brooklyn, matinee of May 29, for the benefit of C. D. Hess.....Michael Brand's Cincinnati Orchestra gave the first of a series of Summer concerts at the Highland House Belvedere, that city, May 24.....Benjamin W. Hitchcock, who has conceived many an amusement enterprise, from a baby-show to a "Congress of Beauty," was placed in Ludlow street jail on the instance of Jeremiah Long, who is his judgment-creditor to the extent of $518.05. On May 24 Hitchcock paid $100, and was discharged by Judge J. F. Daly as a poor debtor. He had testified that his wearing apparel and a two-dollar trunk were his sole property.....The Beethoven Choral Society gave their second public rehearsal at St. Paul's Church, Harlem, this city, on May 22, under their leader, George F. Bristow.....Shirley Hicks, the actor was found wandering in the vicinity of Harlem Bridge, this city, on the night of May 25, and was taken to the Ninety-sixth-street Hospital. He became insane last Summer, and latterly has been residing with his parents at One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street and the Southern Boulevard.....M Faure the baritone has been made a Knight of the Order of Francis Joseph of Austria and singer to the Court.....*Prof.* Joseph Hiermann the magician, accompanied by his wife, sailed for Liverpool in the steamer Egypt on May 25. He returns next Autumn, and in September will reappear in this city.....The story going the rounds that Hugh Fay the variety comedian had shot Michael Dadey, Superintendent of sewers in the Brooklyn City-works Department, seems to be set at rest by Dadey himself, who states that he knows Fay well, and that his wife never has, but never seen Fay, and adds that, though he is in hospital suffering from an injury he received in his boyhood, he has never been shot by anybody.....Gounod's Mass of the Sacred Heart is to be performed for the first time at St. Stephen's Church, this city, on Sunday night, June 9, by Annie T. Borie, Agatha Munier, H. R. Romeyn, Eugene Fudin, Herman Braun and Dr. E. Austen Peace, with Henry J. Thunder as organist, and Adolph Diller, Wiegand, Schlig and Bowen as a horn quartet.....Miss Marianna Menzies, a pupil of Miss Fanny Hunt, is shortly to make her debut at Chickering Hall.....Signorina Torriani, who co-operated were Miss Marion Lamar and Hamilton Harris..... Miss Fanny Davenport, who sails for London in a few days, will return in time to open the season in this city in "Lady Wills' "Olivia," founded in slight part upon "The Vicar of Wakefield." Such is at least her present intention.....Among the rumors that need verification is one that attributes to Dan Bryant the intention of opening the old theatre in Twenty-fourth street, at which Robert Heller has recently closed.....An overdue gas-bill closed the Olympic Theatre, this city, on May 22. There were also salaries overdue, a season in this city, and adversity, by the aid of strategy and his army of stablemen, succeeded in removing all property of his that could possibly be converted into salaries. He still holds the lease, which has several years to run.....Dion Boucicault was in town on May 25, and with a young tragic actress occupied a box at Wallack's Theatre. There was another Boucicault-party that night, and between the two boxes the eyes of the "gallery gods" had a feast.....Mrs. Edwin Adams proposes to let her late husband's residence at Long Branch, N. J., for the Summer.

"THE GASCON" was produced at Niblo's Garden on May 20, and played throughout the week to encouraging business. It is the late Theodore Barriere's drama, originally brought out in Paris about four years ago. Two years later the first English version of it, arranged in five acts by W. Markerry, was produced at the Olympic, London, where Henry Neville was the Gascon, and Mrs. Rousby was Marie Stuart. During the same Summer it was seized upon by Edward Arnott for starring purposes in Brooklyn and elsewhere in this country, and since then Charles Pope has endeavored to make it a feature of his repertory. France the actor was found wandering in the vicinity of Harlem Bridge, this city, on the night of May 25, and was taken to the Ninety-sixth-street Hospital. He became insane last Summer, and latterly has been residing with his parents at One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street and the Southern Boulevard.....M Faure the baritone has been made a Knight of the Order of Francis Joseph of Austria and singer to the Court.....*Prof.* Joseph Hiermann the magician, accompanied by his wife, sailed for Liverpool in the steamer Egypt on May 25. He returns next Autumn, and in September will reappear in this city.....The story going the rounds that Hugh Fay the variety comedian had shot Michael Dadey, Superintendent of sewers in the Brooklyn City-works Department, seems to be set at rest by Dadey himself, who states that he knows Fay well, and that his wife never has, but never seen Fay, and adds that, though he is in hospital suffering from an injury he received in his boyhood, he has never been shot by anybody.....Gounod's Mass of the Sacred Heart is to be performed for the first time at St. Stephen's Church, this city, on Sunday night, June 9, by Annie T. Borie, Agatha Munier, H. R. Romeyn, Eugene Fudin, Herman Braun and Dr. E. Austen Peace, with Henry J. Thunder as organist, and Adolph Diller, Wiegand, Schlig and Bowen as a horn quartet.....Miss Marianna Menzies, a pupil of Miss Fanny Hunt, is shortly to make her debut at Chickering Hall.

FENDERSON & BENT'S CONCERT ORGANIZATION performed at Lyceum Hall, Morristown, N. J., May 20, and met with a gratifying success. The programme was a good one, but the special feature was a good one, but the special feature drawing abundant applause, were Miss Jutures, drawing abundant applause, were Miss Jutures, Fenderson's charming vocalization in arias from "Norma," "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata," B. C. Bent's admirably played cornet-solos, and Louise Linden's saxophone performances. Sig. A. Lixcono, baritone-singer; Sig. G. Bacl, pianist; and Sig. A. Lindoni, accompanist, also took part. The troupe are to be heard at the public school, West Hoboken, N. J., May 31. Manager Melville is prepared to arrange for their appearance on sharing terms, and can be addressed care of this office.

CARL S. GUNGLE, chief musician of the Twenty-fourth United States Infantry, was thrown off the El Paso stage-coach at San Antonio, Texas, May 21, and had both legs broken.

MUSICAL ITEMS from Boston, Mass., are sent by our correspondent as appended:

The Cecelia Club repeated their previous concerts at Tremont Temple May 22.....The concert for the benefit of the Oddfellows' Library, at Oddfellows' Hall 23, was well attended, the appearances being the Ladies' Alpine Quartet and the Arion Concert Company.....The cantata of "Queen Esther," with Miss Geraldine Ulmer in the title-role, was given at the Chelsea Academy of Music 23.....a concert for the benefit of the Tremont Temple Church fund was given in the Temple 24 by the Swedish Lady Vocal Quartet; Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, soprano; Charles N. Allen, violinist; Mrs. J. K. Simonds, pianist; Wulf Fries, violoncellist.....The annual festival of Parish Choirs was held in Trinity Church

RATES.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
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THEATRE COMIQUE, WASHINGTON, D. C. The regular Summer season commences at this theatre May 27. Artists of ability wishing dates for the Summer, address JAKE BUDD, 1-8-4t Proprietor and Manager.

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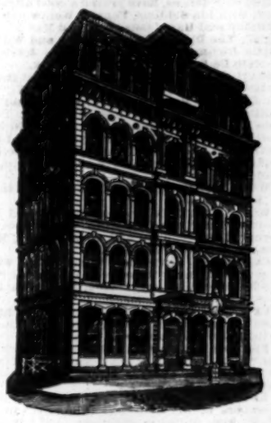

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